F 786
.L77
Copy 1

Class F786

Book .L77

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

446
538

JAMES A. LITTLE

WHAT I SAW

ON THE

OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

Caravans of Prairie
Schooners, Forty Wagons, Five-hundred
Oxen, Millions of Buffaloes, Thousands of Wild Horses,
Antelopes, Big Grey Wolves and Cayotes, Prairie Dog Towns and Jack
Rabbits, Rattle Snakes, Lizards and Centepedes, Savage
Indians and Mexicans, Strange Sights
Crossing the Desert.

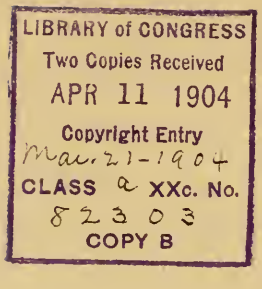
A Condensed Story of Frontier Life Half a Century Ago.

BY

JAMES A. LITTLE.
CARTERSBURG, INDIANA.

THE FRIENDS PRESS
PLAINFIELD, INDIANA.

F786
.L77



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year of our Lord 1904,
By James A. Little.
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to the now Mrs. Elizabeth (Thayer) Mendenhall, daughter of the Superintendent of the Quaker Mission in 1854.

A STATEMENT.

It is a strange coincident that I started on my trip across the plains on the first of May 1854 and it so happened that fifty years later, on the first day of May 1904, the date of issue, I tell my story for the first time in book form. Of course I have occasionally referred to my experience, giving short accounts of the trip, but I found that it was a difficult matter to interest people by telling in a disconnected way, short sections of a long story. The story given in this book, as relates to the Old Santa Fe Trail, was written for the Danville, (Ind.) Republican, at the request of editor Julian D. Hogate to whom I am under many obligations for kindness shown and for space so generously given in his paper. It was not my intention when this story was written to put it in book form. I was somewhat surprised at the interest with which it was being read and being commented upon by the public, who previously was not aware that I had ever been outside of my native state.

I was in Danville a short time after a number of chapters had appeared and was congratulated by almost all of my friends, many expressions of surprise were heard. I was advised by a number of professional and business men to put my story into book form. I became more than ever interest myself, and asked Mr. Hogate's advice in the matter. He hesitated somewhat, but said I would have to elaborate and make a larger book by continuing the story. I took his advice and buckled down to writing again. I

have written about the Quaker Mission Family: Incidents of Indian Life: Customs of Indians; Indian Churches: A Visit to Shotos; Allotment of Indian Lands; Annuity Money Accruing from Sale of Lands; Indian Twins, as well as giving a brief biography of men whom I consider were the three greatest heroes figuring in the "Border Ruffian" or Kansas Troubles. First, I name Richard Mendenhall, who believed the pen mightier than the sword. Second, I give a condensed biography of Old John Brown—his birth and career as a business man in Ohio, his daring acts in Kansas; insurrection at Harper's Ferry; his execution at Charleston on the scaffold, November 2nd, 1859. A condensed history of Jim Lane, giving place of his birth, military and civil standing and the part he took in the Kansas Border Ruffian Warfare, and his death.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

* * * * *I felt that a great responsibility was resting on me for withholding information that would enlighten future generations. My mind became greatly exercised in the matter so that I could scarcely sleep at night. But finally a faint voice seemed to whisper and say, "Write a book! Write a book!"*

PREFACE

What I have written in this series of articles is the plain truth. I doubt if a man could be found living today who crossed the plains on the old Santa Fe road in as early day as I. Some of the facts recorded here have never been recorded in any history of Kansas or any account of the old road. There can never again be a repetition of the scenes. There will never again be great caravans of prairie schooners slowly wending their way across "the great American desert." The old Santa Fe road is almost obliterated. Cities and towns have sprung up. Dwellings, school houses and churches decorate the prairie. Horace Greely crossed the plains six years later than I. In his comments he said: "There were more buffalo in sight than there are cattle in Illinois." So I offer no other reason for this personal history of pioneer days.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

It is with pleasure that I acknowledge to Julian D. Hogate my appreciation of kindness manifested by him in giving space in the Danville Republican, for the publication of my articles relating to my experiences on the Old Santa Fe Trail. I also thank the professional business men and citizens of Danville, and elsewhere for advice and encouragement in putting my articles in book form.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

Contents.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

The Days Before the War. First Introduction to Human Slavery in Missouri. 11

CHAPTER II.

Toward the Old Trail. Mr. Little had more Experience with Slavery. 17

CHAPTER III.

Starting on the Trail. Experience in Selecting Oxen for the Wagons. 22

CHAPTER IV.

Toward the South-west. Peace Made. The old Trail. 28

CHAPTER V.

To the South-west. The Train Meets Indians. Millions of Buffalo. 33

CHAPTER VI.

Into the Desert. Hard Times on the Trail. The Blessings of Water. 39

CHAPTER VII.

Nature's Secrets. Bones of Men and Animals Along the Trail. 43

PAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trail in the Desert. Wolves and Wild Horses Vary the Monotony. 46

CHAPTER IX

At Albuquerque. The Sugar Passes Inspection. Spanish Waltzing. 50

CHAPTER X.

Homeward Bound. An Affair of Honor Settled. Cattle Lost. 54

CHAPTER XI.

The Buffalo Country Reached. Fresh Water Found. Sport with the Buffalo Renewed. 57

CHAPTER XII.

Hunting Buffalo the Great Sport of the Western Country. 61

CHAPTER XIII.

Small-pox Breaks out. Mr. Little Deserts the Train and Travels Alone. 66

CHAPTER XIV.

A Dash from the Indians. When A Lone Trader Found and Food Secured. 70

CHAPTER XV.

Geting Back to Civilization. The Kaw Agency and the Quaker Mission Reached. 73

CHAPTER XVI.

The Kansas Trouble. The First Assault ever made. Border Ruffians. Beginning of the Civil War. 76

CHAPTER XVII.

Gets his Money. Ten Dollars Bonus for Driving Without Swearing. 79

PAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Life at the Mission. Amusing Incidents with the Indians. 81

CHAPTER XIX.

Quaker Mission Family. A Visit to Shotos. An Effort to Civilize Indian Girls. 84

CHAPTER XX.

Indians Recieve Land and Money. Dr. Barker Superintendent of Baptist Mission. Indian Camp Meeting. Indian Twins. 89

CHAPTER XXI

Emigrants Aid Society. Contest Between the North and South Begins. Changing the Name of Town. 94

CHAPTER XXII.

Richard Mendenhall a Quaker Hero. 100

CHAPTER XXIII.

L. X. Aubra A Great Character. 106

CHAPTER XXIV.

Old John Brown. 110

CHAPTER XXV.

James Lane. 123

The Old Santa Fe Trail.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down canons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea;
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam-god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past;
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man:
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand:
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

Richard Burton in February Century

CHAPTER I.

THE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR.

INTRODUCTION TO HUMAN SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

When I was a boy, I always had a great desire to go west, not to fight the Indians but to see the country. It did not seem to me that it would be wise after I had learned all there was to be learned in Indiana to remain any longer. Already I had traveled a great deal. I went with my father to mill to Indianapolis. We drove an ox team and stayed over night at Underwood's Mill. My father took me with him to Jeffersonville on a visit. In 1847 I hired to Wilfred Ungles, of Belleville, and helped to drive the last hogs that were driven to Cincinnati from Hendricks county. We were treated to a visit to Old Mother English's museum and saw the infernal regions. The noted flood of '47 was on when we arrived. We came down the river to Madison on a boat and took steam cars for Indianapolis. We started in the morning and reached Indianapolis late in the evening and then walked out home, arrived home about midnight. My rec-

ollection is that we were gone about three weeks.

Ungles had bought the hogs of the farmers on credit and never did pay for them. He pretended he was broken up, but he took considerable money with him when he left the country. I worked on the Vandalia road for a while, my father having a small construction contract. When the road was completed to Terre Haute, I started west. There were no railroads in Illinois and passengers and mail were conveyed by stages. I started to walk to Iowa. The roads were very muddy and the wind was very strong. The prairies were thinly settled. In some sections, it was eight or ten miles between houses which were mostly along streams and timber. Growing tired of walking, I staged it part of the way, but I might as well have walked, for the stage did not go as fast as I could walk. At last we reached the Mississippi river and crossed over to Burlington, Iowa. There I bought a stage ticket to Mt. Pleasant, twenty-six miles west. When the stage reached the hotel next morning, it was crowded. Another young fellow and I got on top with the trunks. When the stage ascended the hill, there was an open prairie and the wind had a fair sweep with a heavy snow storm. My partner got inside the stage but I remained on top until I was almost frozen when I got inside and lay across the laps of the ladies. I took a severe cold which terminated in bronchitis from which I have never recovered. I visited many places including Des Moines which was then only a small town. I took the measles at Crawfordsville and came near dying.

The doctors treated the case as if it were fever. I made them put me in a barrel of warm water which brought the measles out and saved my life.

The following autumn, I drifted to north eastern Missouri. Nearly half the people were from the northern states but there were a good many slaves scattered over the country. One day while walking along the road, a negro with a yoke of oxen came along on a load of lumber. He had been to mill and in some manner had procured some whiskey. He had taken enough to make him talk. He asked me to ride. He asked me where I was from. I told him I was from Indiana. He asked if Indiana was a slave or free state. Then he asked me what I thought about slavery and he quoted Scripture at considerable length. He offered to share his whiskey but I told him that I never touched it. I afterwards learned that the negro belonged to an old judge who was very hard on his slaves. I remained a number of days in this locality and one day I was invited by the man with whom I was stopping to go to a barn raising at the judge's. I saw the negro at the barn raising but he never raised his head to look at me. I learned afterwards that it was a lucky thing that I did not speak to him. Two or three days later my host asked me if I knew there was an effort in the neighborhood to form a mob to lynch me. I asked why. He said I was a stranger and had been seen riding with a negro. He referred to a crowd that had been seen at his house on Sunday evening. He said the purpose of their visit was to draw me out to ascertain

if I was an Abolitionist. I had remarked that I was opposed to slavery. They knew there was an underground railway from Missouri into northern Iowa and in trying to find out if I was connected with it, they had asked me if I was in certain towns along the line. It so happened that I had been in Crawfordsville, Iowa, which was a main station and I remembered that runaway slaves were concealed in a cellar under Mr. Rankin's house. My host said that Mr. Huntsucker, one of the men who questioned me on that Sunday evening had canvassed the county to raise a mob but there were about as many northern people as southern and as he had met opposition he had dropped the matter. I saw Mr. Huntsucker several times afterwards and he seemed to show great respect. I learned the lesson to be careful how I talked, as strangers were closely watched.

Late in the fall I decided to return to Indiana, and walking to the Mississippi I crossed it, and by wagon and stage reached Terre Haute and there took the Vandalia for Cartersburg. My friends looked on me as a much traveled man. I had been to what was then the far west.

After a time I decided to return to the west. I I went to St. Louis and then walked to Independence, ten miles east of Kansas City by way of St. Charles, where it is said old Daniel Boone died. I followed the meanderings of the Missouri river to Independence, Mo. There is as rich a country along the Missouri river as can be found in America. The people had slaves and raised much hemp.

Hemp raising was profitable as it gave employment all the year to the slaves. Men and women were worked in fields together. Of course there was an overseer who rode a horse, went armed and carried a whip. It seemed cruel to me as I was not accustomed to such sights. One of the strangest characteristics of the slave holders was their hospitality. I could always depend on getting to stay over night and seldom had a bill to pay in the morning. I never allowed them to be more generous than I in the payment of a bill. If they knocked off half I knocked off the other half. The hospitality of the slave holders extended only to those who were not in need and not too deserving needy. They were very fond of company to pass the time away and they liked to learn of the customs of northern people. One day as I was walking along the road, a clever looking young man drove up behind me in a buggy and invited me to ride. I rode with him several miles to the home of his mother. I accepted his invitation to stay over night and also remained over Sabbath, of course. I preferred not to break the Sabbath. In those days I liked to observe these days as days of rest. When we drove up in front of his mother's house, three slaves raced out and begged the privilege of taking care of the horse. He gave the preference to the one who reached the buggy first. Their contest showed how they were trying to please him and win his confidence. The young man's mother owned a large number of slaves whose cabins were on both sides of the door yard. There were negroes of all ages and sizes.

Little black children swarmed out like children out of a school-house.

I can not better describe it than to call it a Midway. Sunday morning was the time the old lady issued rations. It was an interesting sight. A large table was placed in front of the smoke-house in the rear of the dwelling. The bacon and meal were brought out and the old lady with a large butcher knife in hand called them singly and by families to come and received their weekly allowance. A very old negress was called. She looked as if she might be a hundred years old. I never saw a better example of humility. The mistress with an evident air of scorn on her countenance handed the aged woman a scanty allowance with the exclamation: "Take this; and mind, if you do not make this last until next Sunday you will have to starve again." The mistress questioned me a good deal about the customs of northern people. She asked me if white men marry "niggers," and if "niggers" went to church with white women. I told her it was not the custom in my country. She said she knew it was so, that a northern man had told her so. She asked me if northern women do their own work. I told her they did. Said she: "Well they can not be respectable then." She was nursing a little grandchild whose mother was dead. The little one had been burned and she was treating it. She exclaimed: "If I had no colored woman to do my house-work, what would I do with this little afflicted child?"

CHAPTER II.

TOWARD THE TRAIL.

MR LITTLE HAD MORE EXPERIENCES WITH SLAVERY.

Monday morning, I shouldered my knapsack and trudged along. The adage, "Time is money," had no application in my case. As I passed through Pettis county, I learned that a young slave had been burned at the stake for alleged crime of having murdered a family of three or four people in order to rob the house. His accuser was his young master. The punishment was a public affair in daylight with no attempt to conceal the identity of those who took part in it. The negro pleaded his innocence to the last. When I reached the country a great reaction had taken place and most people believe him innocent and many thought his young master guilty. The following summer when I was crossing the plains, I was on guard one night with a man we called Tom. We were guarding cattle. After they had filled themselves and lain down, Tom and I got into conversation. He told me his home was in Pettis county, Mo. I told him of

passing through the county and related the story of the negro. He said he knew all about it for he had led the mob but he wanted no more experiences of that kind.

I reached Independence, Mo., on the last day of March. The place was laid out by the Mormons at an early day. Independence is ten miles below Kansas City and some three or four miles from the river. Westport was a lively village south of Kansas City. It was a great trading point for the Indians. Kansas City was only a boat landing or trading post. There were some old warehouses on the river and the business was nearly all done by the three McGee brothers. All these towns were on the frontier and Independence was the principal starting point for people going to California. The idea prevailed that a large train of wagons had to cross the plains as a protection from the Indians. California immigrants would start from the states in the fall and winter at Independence so as to start together as soon as there was grass enough. So many immigrants camped around Independence that a great market was afforded for the farmers and the merchants. The immigrants were compelled to pay high prices and money was plentiful. Nearly every man on the frontier had been to California. Lots of gold was brought back and put into circulation. It was rarely that any money save gold was seen.

My intention was to get in with a train as helper and cross to California. It was a month too soon for trains to start and I was advised to go to work

on a farm so as to toughen up before starting. So I hired to a farmer to work a month. He had recently married a woman who owned land and slaves. I went home with him and ate supper and breakfast with him and his wife. He put me to work with the negroes cutting corn stalks. I worked until noon, and when I went to the house for dinner he stood in the door when I attempted to enter and told me I would take my meals with the slaves who occupied quarters in a room near-by. I stepped back and told him if he would step out, I would thrash him but he did not come. Pretty soon he sent out a white man and paid me and I left but I missed my dinner that day. I went ten miles west and hired to a man named Manion whose farm was on a highway on the Missouri and Kansas line. Mr. Manion was a loud Baptist preacher. He had a good farm which he worked with slaves. He also carried on a large repair shop. He did an extensive business repairing old Mexican wagons. The Mexicans were experts in the way of mending almost any part of their wagons with rawhide with the hair on and wrapped spokes, felloes, single trees or any other part very tight with it and when the strips dried, they shrunk and dented the wood. There was a wagon-load of rawhide whang in a pile at his shop. Mr. Manion had four slaves, three men and a boy. One of the men worked in the shop and the others worked on the farm. The first work I did was to break an eighteen acre field with a pair of mules, they walked very fast and the plow was large. The field was square and perfect-

ly level. I commenced on Monday morning and finished Saturday evening. When Mr. Manion asked me how I was getting along, I told him I had finished and he could hardly believe me as he said his slaves never finished it in less than two weeks. I remained with him until planting time. A white man was always boss when working the slaves so I had the honor of being overseer. The slaves called me "Massa Little." They took a great liking to me as I had treated them like white men.

Manion had not had the negro boy whose name was Dabney very long but had recently secured him at St. Louis by trading a mulatto for him. There was considerable of a romance connected with this. One rainy day, Dabney, Manion's own boy, Charley, about the age and size of Dabney, and myself were shelling corn and Dabney gave us a history of his life. He said his parents were free and lived near Quincy, Ills. He said he was playing in the road with a ball and two men came in a carriage and picked him up and drew knives over him and told him, if he made any noise they would kill him. They drove rapidly to the river at Quincy where a boat was about to start to St. Louis. They sold him to a slave-buyer. The mulatto that Manion had taken to St. Louis was born of a white woman in Kentucky and was smuggled off and bound to a man south of where Manion lived before the mulatto was twenty-one years of age. The man died and his widow sold the two or three years that he lacked of being free to Mr. Manion who worked him a year or two over his

time. He was said to be a handsome, intelligent mulatto. When he served out his time, Mr. Manion proposed to buy him a suit of clothes and take him to St. Louis and recommend him to a big hotel as a 'bus-driver.' That suited the mulatto and he went with Manion but instead of taking him to a hotel, he showed him to the buyer who owned Dabney. He swapped the mulatto for Dabney and $500 to boot and invested the money in a fine carriage which he brought back with Dabney. I had the honor of riding to church to hear Rev. Manion preach. The deal of Mr. Manion was known by the neighbors who regarded it as a shrewd trick. I often heard the expression that Manion sent one damned free negro south. Manion's son, Charley, promised to write to Dabney's folks but I never knew whether he did. There was a great antipathy against free negroes. I was later informed that Manion went with a train across the plains and that he died on the way back and was buried there.

CHAPTER III.

STARTING ON TRAIL.

EXPERIENCE IN SELECTING OXEN FOR THE WAGONS.

In a letter from home, I learned that Richard Mendenhall, of Plainfield, had been sent to the Friends Mission as a teacher, also that Cyrus Rogers had secured an appointment as boss farmer to teach the Indian boys how to farm. The Mission was four or five miles west of Manion's. But before leaving Missouri I will give another experience. I found many people on the frontier afflicted with what was known as the "prairie scratches." In Indiana we called it itch which I named it after I had diagnosed my own case. It was no secret and no disgrace for nearly everybody had it. It cultivated a habit of industry and gave employment to many idle hands. I concluded to try to rid myself of it. So I consulted an old gentleman and he told me to boil down a lot of poke root into a strong tea and bathe all over in it. I dug the roots and stole an old pot and crossed the road into Kansas into a dense thicket. It was just the location I thought

to start a pest house. I made the tea and removed my clothing and gave myself a swabbing all over. Welts raised all over me. I raved and rode the bushes trying to get relief. I finally cooled down and got better and finally well and then I do not think a microbe was left, but the treatment came near finishing me. I tell this in the interest of science.

When I left Manion's, I went to the Friends Mission. There were three Missions a few miles southwest of Kansas City—Methodists, Baptists and Friends— and they were all in the Shawnee Indian country. At the Friends Mission I had a cordial greeting from old friends. There were many reports of depredations of Indians on the plains and I was advised not to cross to California. But I concluded to cross with Majors & Russell, who were heavy freighters to New Mexico. I engaged with them. Russell was a merchant of Jefferson City; Majors a farmer. He had a fine farm and owned a number of slaves. He was also a Presbyterian minister. When I approached him to hire he said he was going to hire all of his men on condition they were not to swear. He said he was a minister and that he felt he was to a considerable extent responsible for the conduct of the men in his employ. He said he would discharge a man who swore. He then asked me if I thought that I could drive a team across the plains and back without swearing. I told him I thought I could. Several men who had come to hire were standing around and he asked one of them, an Irishman, the same question, "Do

you think you can drive a team across the plains and back without swearing?" Said Pat: "Yis, I can drive a team to hell and back without swearing." The Irishman was not employed.

I learn from the history of Buffalo Bill that at this time he was herding cattle for Majors. He was then a boy of twelve or fifteen and this was his first work. The wagon train with which I was employed, started the first of May after the grass was in proper condition to graze. When the time came to start, the wagons and cattle were brought together southwest of Kansas City. The wagons were corraled and the cattle were herded on the prarie. A corral is formed by the fencing in of a lot with wagons. For instance, two wagons are driven abreast just wide enough apart to leave a space as wide as a common farm gate. Then just behind each wagon another wagon is driven so the near front wheel is close to the off hind wheel of the wagon in front and the fore wheel and the hind wheel are chained together. Each wagon widens the corral its width. Then the wagons are brought together in the same way, only the off front wheel is chained to the near hind wheel of the wagon in front. So thirty or forty wagons form a large lot or corral. When the oxen or mules are driven in, guards are stationed at the gateway to keep them in. Our train consisted of forty large prarier schooners.

There were ten old wagons and thirty new ones sent out by the government for the use of the army post. Each wagon was as large as four ordinary wagons and carried a load averaging

three tons. We started with over 500 oxen. Six yoke pulled each wagon and we took a lot of extras for recruits when any died. Most of our oxen had never been yoked and were wild. There were a few pairs that were well broken, so if a man could get a pair of wheelers and a pair of leaders he could fill in four middle yoke with unbroken oxen and they would have to keep in line. Most of the men were experienced. They had crossed the plains every summer and sometimes twice a year.

The first time the cattle were yoked, it was a race to get the best broken oxen. The experienced men could pick them out at a glance. They showed scratches on their horns and mates kept together. Every man had his pick the first day and he kept his first selection, but he had a right to exchange for any of the unselected cattle. So there was a good deal for an inexperienced man to learn. When our cattle were driven in the corral the first day we started, it was a sight. It did not do to show cowardice. Each man with a yoke rushed in among the big fellows and it looked as if each man would be trodden under foot. Cattle swayed from side to side and piled up on each other. Men mixed up all over the corral. Experienced men had no fear and had the sleight of yoking any they wanted. I tired to show courage too. I put the yoke on an old one and he tore around and got loose, another kicked me and another horned at me. So I got out where I had room to dodge any way. I finally got hold of an old one and yoked him with a little fellow that

seemed to be gentle. They did not match, but what did I care if they were gaited alike. I wanted a pair of leaders and I was greatly disappointed when I found that neither had any experience. When the other men got their teams, they helped me to get my six yoke hitched to the wagon and I did not have an ox that had even been yoked before. We were on a vast prairie with no obstructions. I turned them loose. The exhibition was equal to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Some bucked, others plunged. They could not run because their notions were different. But I finally got them to follow the other wagons by running from one side to the other like driving up the cows. After the first day I got them broke to follow.

My wagon was the rear one. I grew tired of walking and crawled in the rear end of my wagon and climbed to the front which was six or eight feet high. I rode several miles in my exalted position. I yelled at the boys. I asked them why they did not ride. I was quite jubilant. I whistled, kept time by thumping my heels on the side of the wagon. I sang. About that time the front of the train reached a long rocky road where the road led in a meandering way down the river bottom. I could see ahead that the wagons were strung out and as they approached the top of the hill, the men would stop and set their brakes. I thought I was doing well and that I would not be in any hurry to get out. I supposed that when the team in front stopped, my team would stop. But I was mis-

taken. They did not give me time to get out. I was in a bad way perched up in front. My oxen ran with all their might, pell mell over rocks, hubbing the wagons that were strung out quarter of a mile from the top to the bottom of the hill. I never did get such a cursing. Every man on my way to the bottom of the hill gave me a sample of his choicest oaths. At places the road was narrow with barely room to pass. In the rough places the wagon very nearly upset several times. I yelled at my team but not a brute paid any attention. Neither did I have a chance to leave my post. Show cowardice? I should have been honored as a great leader for I started in the rear and landed in front, but a man may advance too fast. That was my experience, for I did not have a friend in the train. I was hated by all. They called me that blanked Hoosier. I concluded to redeem myself by showing kindness. My progress was slow, but that was my only show.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST.

PEACE WON THROUGH FIGHTING—THE OLD TRAIL.

At that time Leavenworth City had not been thought of but Fort Leavenworth was a depot for army supplies. All freight was brought there by boats. All freight for the territories was unloaded at Kansas City but the army freight was unloaded at Fort Leavenworth. Our wagons were nearly all loaded with sugar and we had some coffee, bacon and spices. We had from fifty to seventy hundred to the wagon. We also had a provision wagon to supply the men in the train. Our progress was very slow at first as the oxen were not trained to pull heavy loads. In places the roads were bad and the rain was heavy. The wheels would go down in the mud to the axle and we would double and treble our teams. Sometimes we unloaded a wagon two or more times within the length of the train which was quite lengthy. Once we had thirty-two yoke of oxen to a wagon and then failed to pull it out. We would wind them around like a whip lash

and swing them out on a line and their weight would either pull the load out or break the chains. Generally the latter. We had great trouble herding our cattle as they were not used to each other. Rain fell almost constantly and the nights were dark. Many times we ran after our cattle at night when it was too dark to see them. We followed them by the noise they made running. Our only chance to sleep was to lie on the ground and frequently water ran under us. A man does not know what he can endure.

I felt that I had gained the confidence of the boys by showing them kindnesses but another misfortune was awaiting me which gave me a worse backset than ever. When we reached the crossing of the Wakarusha river, a narrow passage went down a steep bank to the water. The wagons ahead had all crossed successfully. The river was about three or four feet deep. When my wagon started down the bank, the off wheel struck a bump and the wagon being loaded top-heavy, it turned into the river. It came near catching me but I escaped. The wagon was loaded with sugar which was piled up in the middle of the river. Some of it remained in the wagon. The train stopped and the boys came back and we carried the sugar to the opposite side and reloaded the wagon but I sweetened the river and the wagon dripped molasses for a week. We camped on the bank of the river where a small train was camping. The wagon master told me I could go back to the States. He said he had hired a man in my place who made application

for a job. I had noticed the strange man. I told the wagon-master all right, but I told him the fellow he had employed was an out-law; that he would be sorry that he had employed him, but he paid no attention to what I said. I had made arrangement with a small team that was camping near our camp to return with it. But I was surprised next morning when our wagon-master came to me and told me to stay with him, that he thought me a good fellow who had struck a streak of bad luck. I soon learned that the strange man who I warned him to watch, had stolen the best mule in the train and skipped. Neither man or mule was ever heard of.

Our train was divided into six messes with six or seven in a mess. About all the men were from Missouri. They were a rough set, some of them afterwards becoming Border Ruffians. It was my misfortune to be in the worst mess in the train. I was much imposed on for a long time. No act of mine was appreciated. They tried to make a servant out of me. Some of the men in the other messes saw I was mistreated and told me I would have to fight before I would get justice. They told me to fight even if I got whipped every time as I would thus make friends. One evening while I was stewing a tea for a slight indisposition, Frank Ketchem, one of my messmates came around and kicked my fire over. I told him I would make another fire and if he molested it I would whip him or take a licking. As soon as I rebuilt my fire, he came around and commenced to kick it. As he was stooping over, I caught him by the hair

and ran backwards, kicking him. He crowded me backwards and I fell, he landing on me. He got me by the throat with his teeth and shut off my wind. They took him off and he sat down. The wagon-master came running up to ask what was the trouble. Ketchem said: "Nothing; only I have been flogging Hoosier a little."

I gathered up a wagon lever and drew it over his head and I made him beg like a dog. After that I had friends. The Baker boys said they would see that I was better treated and that gave me encouragement. I started in to show that I would not allow any man to impose on me and after my mess saw I had friends, they began to treat me with respect. We experienced a hard time on account of the soft and muddy roads. The boys who were experienced in crossing the plains said we would have an easier time when we got to the old Sante Fe road. It seemed a long way but we finally reached it, before we got to Council Grove. The old Sante Fe road was said to be the best natural road in the world, considering the length, which was near a thousand miles. It led from Independence, Mo., to Sante Fe, New Mexico. It was nature's ideal road, never having been improved by man. No bridges were needed for all streams were easily forded. It was a much better road than any macadamized road. In its entire length there was not a hill. Even in crossing the mountains before reaching Sante Fe or Albuquerque, nature seemed to have arranged the great canyons in a way that our trains were never ob-

structed. Here on the old trail, half a century ago, caravans of heavily loaded wagons accompanied by United States soldiers or other armed forces wended their way slowly to the southwest carrying supplies. It was a hazardous undertaking for the Indians were bold and savage. On the first of every month a U. S. mail coach left Independence and Sante Fe. The coach was drawn by six horses or mules. A man rode horseback by the side of the horses to whip them up. A guard of six or eight men rode and slept in the coach. Our wagon-master knew where we would meet the coach from Sante Fe and where the coach from Independence would pass us. They would halt a minute to tell us the news.

The old trail will never be obliterated. I see that a movement has been made by Kansas to establish by the aid of the school children mile stones along the trail in every district.

CHAPTER V.

TO THE SOUTHWEST.

THE TRAIN MEETS INDIANS—MILLIONS OF BUFFALOES.

Council Grove was a Kaw Indian Agency with an Indian village attached. Mr. Hays, the agent, had a store and supplied the Indians with their needs. We camped near the village. The Kaws were said to be a very cowardly tribe and for that reason they were hated by all the other tribes. Whenever the other tribes gave them a scare, they flocked to the agency for protection. They had great confidence in an agent of the United States.

A lot of Kaws loitered around our corral and one of the bucks tried to steal some coffee. One of our men promptly gave him a whipping with a blacksnake whip. When we passed on, it seemed strange to know that all of the Indians we met seemed to know of this for they would say: "Whip um Kaw." After leaving Council Grove, we pass-

ed through some of the largest towns I was ever in. The population ran into thousands. The inhabitants seemed to be a very industrious class. The towns all had the same name—Dogtown. These little prairie dogs are interesting little animals. They live in holes some eight or ten feet apart. The hole commences in the top of a mound and goes straight down. The animals are not of the dog family but get their name from their bark. We would strike at them with our whips but they were too quick. We could not make all of them go in their holes for there were always sentinels out that kept up the barking. We sometimes killed them and made soup but it was not firstclass soup. Many snakes and owls lived in the towns and naturalists say they all live in the same hole. But this is a mistake as the owls and snakes live in abandoned holes. Naturalists have also claimed that these dog towns are laid out in streets as accurately as any town but this is not so. One can arrange the trees in the woods by imaginary lines.

When we were within a few miles of Great Bend en the Arkansas River, we met the U. S. mail coming in. The men told us there was a large band of Comanche Indians in camp on the river. They cautioned us to look out for these Indians as they showed signs of hostility. They said they believed that the object of the Indians was to rob our train which was the most valuable that crossed the plains that season. Indians are generally well informed. They have a mysterious way of communi-

cating with other tribes. We at last came in sight of the tents of the Comanches and soon a large number of the Indians came out to meet us. We selected a captain who ordered us to load our guns and fall into march in front of the train. When they came up, we motioned for them to not come near us. They divided, a part going to the south and a part to the north. It looked as if they meant to close in on us from both sides. I never was so badly scared. The old chief came riding along and gave signs of friendship. So we allowed him to approach us and he made signs that they only wanted to beg. They came nearer until they were all around us. They begged for "whisk, shug and back." I never saw such beggers. Our orders were to give them nothing for if we did they would only become worse. After they had begged through the train, they would run their ponies to the front and beg through again. Our wagon-master gave the chief a cup of sugar and he tied it in the corner of the blanket. We afterwards learned that their intention was to kill off another small tribe that had been trespassing on their hunting grounds. They had on their war paint and were armed with bows and arrows. They were killing buffalo which were grazing north of where we were camped. They jerked the meat over the fire without salting it and put it up in rolls and some times in sacks. We secured a lot of jerked meat once and it was excellent. Such meat did not create thirst. There were hundreds of dead buffaloes along the road. Some were dried with their hide

and hair on and were in a good state of preservation on account of the dry atmosphere. Bones of buffaloes were scattered all over the plains. When we reached Big Bend or Great Bend as it now called (it is the name of a town) where the Arkansas river makes a great bend to the south, the Sante Fe trail leading a long ways up the river on the north side before reaching the ford, there were millions of buffaloes on the north side of the river. The whole plains were a mass of buffaloes as far as the eye could see. Words could not describe the sight. They did not bawl as cattle but gave a deep grunt which blended into a roaring like distant thunder. Thousands were marching back and forth to the river to quench their thirst. They did not even try to get out of our way.

At first it was a wonderful thing to shoot a buffalo, especially to a few of us who had never seen anything of the kind. After a time we lost interest in shooting the great beasts. Only while we were out of meat did we enjoy the sport. I heard some of the boys say there was more sport in shooting squirrels. Buffaloes are governed more by scent than by sight. If the wind is blowing from them to the hunter, he may approach very near to them. But if the wind is blowing from the hunter to them, they will stampede and run when they are miles away. One strange thing was that there were never any cows and calves seen on or near the thoroughfare. Unless we went back behind the ridges, we never saw any but old bulls. I remarked to the boys that the buffaloes would never

be exterminated. I said they were so numerous that the United States army could not kill them as fast as they multiplied. I said the Creator had given them a country that would never be inhabited by white people. I claimed it was the economy of Nature to give the Indians a country where all their wants were provided for them and a country where the white man could not intrude on them. Horace Greeley said of the buffaloes that they were not indigenous to the plains but that they had been driven from the timber country. He called attention to the fact that all animals excepting the buffalo were protected by their color which was a drab or grey which harmonized with the ground or grass in which they concealed themselves.

Thousands of large gray wolves were among the buffalo. Some were as large as St. Bernard dogs. When a buffalo was wounded, a gang of wolves would pursue him and cut him down by cutting the hamstrings. Often while on guard at night these wolves would make my hair raise. Our cattle would lie down twice every night to rest. After filling with grass, they would lie down about ten o'clock and remain quiet until two o'clock when one would arise and moan. Then we had to look out or they would be strung out for a mile before we knew it. During the time the cattle were quiet, we would lie down and take a nap. We had ourselves trained so we could awake at the proper time. I propped my head up on my arm so if, I slept soundly, my head would drop and arouse me.

I have often been startled by a pack of wolves setting up a howl only a few rods away. The noise was deafening. I could not have heard my own voice if I had called out.

CHAPTER VI.

INTO THE DESERT.

HARD TIMES ON THE TRAIL—THE BLESSINGS OF WATER.

The Arkansas river is rather a strange stream. It runs in sand that is constantly changing and shifting. Where the Sante Fe road crosses it, it looks to be forty rods wide but it is very shallow. A man could almost wade it with rubber boots without getting his feet wet. The constant washing of the fine sand keeps the bottom as level as a floor. The water is swift and forms ripples from one side to the other. If a person stands in one place the water will wash out a great hole in the sand and undermine him and let him down. We doubled teams when crossing the river and had to keep moving or the sand would wash and let our wagons sink. A strange feature of the crossing was that the wagons seemed to be running over stones. The wagon tongues would jerk and wrench in a fearful manner. When we crossed the river, we parted from the buffalo and entered the Great American desert. All was changed. There were

thousands of antelopes. Sometimes they would jump up near the train, run a little distance and stop to look at us. The boys would grab their guns from the side of their wagons and shoot them. We had a regular hunter in our train whose business was to keep us supplied with meat. We also killed many jack rabbits and made soup of them. When a jack rabbit jumped up, the boys would all yell and if the rabbit ran along the train we would be sure to get it.

The country was quite sandy and seemed to be the home of the wild sunflower and cacti, of which there are many varieties. The surface of the ground in places was completely covered with the common round cactus. There is a large conic variety three or four feet high; also a tree cactus that grows as large as the largest apple tree. We used the dead trunks for fuel. About all the varieties bear a small purple oblong pear which we tried to consider edible but the fuzz on them made our lips and tongues sore. There were thousands of lizards running in every direction. Some of the boys practiced killing them with their whips as they passed. As a result the ground was strewed with dead lizards. Horned frogs were a novelty. They were about the size of a common toad but did not hop, but ran like a mouse. They had a sharp horn on the top of their heads.

After leaving the Arkansas, there was no water except in stagnant ponds. Sometimes there were dead amimals in these ponds.

About the only way we could drink the water was

to make strong coffee out of it and then it tasted as much of the filth as of the coffee. One time we traveled all day and all night and the next day to reach water. Our tongues were so parched from thirst that we could hardly talk. Once the boys took advantage of my ignorance. We passed over a ridge and came in fair view of one of the most beautiful lakes I ever beheld. The boys ahead yelled back: "Hoosier, we are coming to water." How my heart rejoiced when I saw the water ahead. It looked to be a mile or so distant. I was greatly disappointed when we did not seem to be getting any nearer it. I at last found that it was an illusion—a mirage. I afterwards saw many such sights—balloon ascensions, American flags; cities, etc. The first water we reached was the Cimirone Springs on a stream by that name. There were three springs—lower, middle and upper. We were almost perishing for water. With our tin cups in hands we surrounded the springs where the cold, sparkling water was gushing from under the bank. Our instructions were to drink but little at first and more by degrees and finally all we craved. I never before had appreciated the value of good water. The unanimous expression was that good pure water was the greatest luxury in the world. But how many are there who have given the matter a thought? Oxen and mules had suffered for water as much if not more than we, and we could not keep them from drinking. They drank a lot of alkali water from the little pools and several of the oxen died. Next morning when we drove in the cattle

from a little valley, we scared up dozens of rattlesnakes. We could hear the rattles hum. Several of the cattle were bitten, their legs swelling badly.

CHAPTER VII.

NATURE'S SECRETS.

BONES OF ANIMALS AND MEN ALONG THE TRAIL.

I have neglected to speak of two young men who went with the train as passengers for the benefit of their health. One was a clerk in Major's store and the other was a young doctor. They looked very ill and both were said to have consumption. They did not start with us, but joined us after we reached the trail about a hundred miles or so on our way. They were brought to our train by easy conveyance by friends. They brought their own outfit—blankets, suitable food, etc. One had a pacing mule and the other a pacing pony. They could not ride much in the saddle at first, but each had a place to rest in a wagon. By degrees they grew stronger and finally rode their mounts nearly all the time. They would take their guns and hunt and they with our regular hunter, kept us well supplied with fresh meat which we did not have to salt. A ham hung on the end of a wagon would dry in the wind about as quick as we would chip it off. By

the time we crossed the plains, these men were sound and well. The doctor located in Sante Fe. I saw the other young man in the fall on his way to Jefferson City, his home. He was well. I make the above statements to show the importance of out door living. I have heard it stated that it was impossible for a sick person to cross the plains in a wagon, living in the open air, and not get well, especially persons with stomach or lung trouble.

We crossed over what was then called Horned Alley. It was considered one of the most dangerous plaees on the route. There were two tracks about four rods apart. Our train was divided into two sections. The sections traveled side by side so as to be able to corral our wagons in a much shorter time in case of an attack by the Indians. Our great government wagons formed excellent fortifications but fortunately we were not molested.

The wind on the plains blew almost constantly from the southwest. I was on the north track and suffered from the sand stirred up by the south section. My eyes were almost ruined by the sand, which greatly inflamed them. Every time we came to water, I washed my eyes and once I washed them in a puddle of alkali water which almost put them out.

Our wagon master seldom joked or smiled. When questioned, his answers were given in a gruff manner. One day, as the train was about to start, he cast his eyes upward and remarked: "We will see snow before two hours." I did not question him for I knew I would receive a short, indefinate an-

swer. But I wondered what he meant, and if the old fool thought it would snow when there was not a cloud in sight and the sun was pouring down until it would almost cook an egg. But in the course of an hour when the train passed over a ridge, I came to a full understanding of his words when we came in full view of a snow-capped mountain. It seemed strange that when we were suffering from the heat we were in sight of perpetual snow. It glistened like silver as the sun shown on it.

All the camping places had a name. The boys frequently spoke of Plum Bute, and I had an idea it was a noted place. But when we reached it, I found that it was a small mound with a little patch of plumb trees on it. Another camping place was Mule Head. There was a monument built of skulls of mules. I suppose a train of mules had been caught in a blizzard and had frozen to death and some enterprising philanthropist had built the monument from the skulls. It was ten or twelve feet high. One place we passed was a great bone yard. The earth was literally strewn with human bones. No one could explain their presence and the probability was, there had been a battle or a massacre by the Indians, no telling how long ago. The bones were all bleached.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAIL IN THE DESERT.

WOLVES AND WILD HORSES VARY THE MONOTONY.

Some of the most interesting scenes in crossing the plains are the mounds. They can be seen from a great distance, and often it took us days to reach them after they came in sight. I have no doubt some can be seen from fifty to one hundred miles. They look like great monuments. A person not accustomed to the country can not form much idea of distance. The first mound I saw, came to view as we passed to an elevated ridge. The man in front asked me how far I thought it was. I told him I thought it was about a half mile, but it might be farther. I was told it was twenty or thirty miles. It took us over a day to reach it, and our wagon master said it was ten miles off.

Some of the men who made a business of crossing the plains took advantage of the ignorence of the new men who took only one ox gad. The old men tied a bundle on the side of their wagons and after we started we could not get any more when

we new men broke ours, and the old men would charge us twenty-five cents for them. I grew tired of paying the price. We camped one noon apparently at the foot of Rocky Mound. I saw some small cedars growing on the side next to us. They were the first trees I saw since I was on the plains. I told Vol McMilligan that if he would loan me his knife, I would go up and cut some gads. He gave me his knife and I heard some of the boys chuckle as I started. The cedars looked to be about forty rods away. I thought I would strike the bottom of the hill after going eight or ten rods, but I kept going and I kept going and I could not see I was any nearer. I determined to go on and started to run but finally had to give it up and return, as I saw the wagons roll out. I was an hour or so in reaching the wagons. The men said the mound was ten miles away and it would have been impossible for me to have reached the cedars. Besides they were thicker than my body.

We occassionally saw herds of wild horses, but they were shy and always saw us before we saw them. Wolves followed us for days, and sometimes for weeks, keeping at a safe distance. When the train started in the morning, we could see them closing in on our camp to get the scraps.

The first ranch we reached in New Mexico, was owned by a man named Waters. His ranch was on Dog creek. The first persons we met were two women and a man. I was driving in front and was never more embarassed, I was ragged dirty and in not a very presentable condition, but did not

realize my condition until I met those two women. If I could have evaded those women, I certainly would have done so. We camped on the creek near the ranch. Waters owned a number of Mexican slaves or peons as they were called. If a Mexican got into debt, he was a slave until he paid the debt. The law allowed him three dollars per month until he paid the debt, but the master could charge him for everything furnished, so it was no trouble to keep him in debt. That law has since been abolished.

There was considerable excitement over the capture of a herd of wild horses. They was secured in a corral a mile or so from Water's house. The train rested that afternoon so we men went down to see the wild horses. There were one horse and seven mares. The horse had been in captivity three or four years previously, but had escaped and joined his herd. When I first saw him he was tied to a post, his mane touched the ground. He did not seem to be excited. He had an interesting history. Waters had captnred him and kept him for two or three years and had raised a number of fine colts. He got away and joined his herd. Many efforts were made to capture him. Mexicans could not lasso him because he was too fast. Waters offered a reward of $500 for his capture. Wild horses have certain grazing ground. They may be a hundred miles apart. When they are molested at one, they flee to another. Those who make it a study know the routes the horses take in going from one pasture to another. One day the men fell on a plan

they believed would be successful. They engaged five of the swiftest race horses at Santa Fe. They placed the horses with a Mexican rider every five miles along the pass with a lasso. Each Mexican was to run the horse five miles and then the next would take up the pursuit. It was said that after the fifth Mexican put him through the last heat, he was getting under good headway. The plan employed that was successful, was as follows: Their path was between high cliffs. Posts were set as for a stockade. A gate was left open and a man concealed nearby who closed the gate on the horses.

CHAPTER IX.

AT ALBUQUERQUE.

THE SUGAR PASSES INSPECTION—SPANISH DANCES.

Mexicans are a peculiar people. They are hospitable and will divide anything they have and do you any favor, and at the same time they will steal from you anything they can lay their hands on. I have known a Mexican to follow our train five miles on foot to sell a chicken for a dime or two or three eggs or a gallon of beans. They never allow anything to go to waste. If one of their cattle die, they eat it. Sometimes oxen would die where we camped and in the course of few hours Mexicans would pass us with the carcass on a wagon with great clumsy wheels made by cutting off the ends of a log. They never greased the axles and one could hear them squeak long before they overtook us. Their oxen pull by the horns. A straight pieces of wood works back of the horns, fastened by a rawhide strap around the horns. This constitutes the yoke and seems to answer.

One day we passed a Mexican ranch and our

boys stole a lot of beans. We had gone but a short distance until we camped and the boys put the beans on to boil. Pretty soon the Mexican came up and we looked for trouble. He sat around and said nothing. When the beans were cooked, we offered him a dish and he ate heartily. We were much delighted to see how he relished his beans.

When we arrived at Albuquerque, many Mexicans gathered around, some to beg and some to sell fruit. Albuquerque was headquarters for the army and there were many soldiers. They were very kind and could not do too much for us. When a train was expected, they would arrange to have a great fandango in token of respect to Americans. The three days we remained, it so happened that I had no guard duty and so looked around the town. All the houses were of sundried brick. The roofs were flat and covered with tile or thatched. It would seem that the rains would wash the buildings down, they seemed quite durable. Peons working on the houses wore nothing but breech clouts. Fandangoes seemed to be free, no door fee. Waltzes seemed to be the popular style of dancing. There was a great mixture in the dancing—soldiers, Mexicans and negroes. The negroes were more popular with the Mexican and Spanish ladies than the Mexicans. Some of our boys took part, but it was a little tough on our Missourians to waltz with negroes, but they had to comply with the custom of the country. The musicians were in one end of the building, the bar in the other,

and after the dance, each man would treat his partner at the bar. One night a young negro was called to the stand. He sang "Jordan is a hard road to travel." It was the first time I had heard the song. It was late when the fandango was over and I did not know whether I could find the way to corral and two soldiers essorted me to the wagons.

When we unloaded our sugar, my load, which I upset in the Wakarusha river, passed inpection. I was told if any damage was assessed, it would be taken out of my wages and I was dreading inspection.

The wagon-master told us if we wanted to buy ponies he would pay for them and deduct the amount from our wages. We found ponies high and scarce as many had been bought up by other trainmen. One day an Indian rode up and offered his pony for fifty dollars and immediately I said I would buy it. The transaction made some of the other boys mad because they said they intended to buy it. I told them I had as good a right to buy as they. One of my mess, Vol McMulligan, said he intended to give me a good threshing and I told him "All right."

One of the most novel things I saw at Albuquerque was the manner of marketing wood. It is carried on the backs of Jacks which are very small. Pack saddles with frames that nearly touch the ground on each side are used. The wood is corded length wise on each side to the top of his back and then corded cross wise and fastened with

straps. All that can be seen of the Jack is his head and ears in front of the moving wood pile. Sometimes the poor animal would get tired and lie down and it is all he can do to get up with the assistance of two Mexicans. Of course the wood is seasoned pine or other light wood and not as heavy as it looks. Two Mexicans generally have charge of five or six Jacks. The wood is carried across a valley from the mountains some distance off.

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR SETTLED—CATTLE LOST.

On the return, we had a drove of loose cattle to drive, as some of the wagons were left for army use. My time to drive the cattle came, the first day after starting. My horse had no saddle, but I folded my blanket and made a good substitute, and felt proud of my improved condition. Next day it was McMilligan's time to drive the cattle. He wanted to borrow my horse and I refused. I tied my horse to the rear wagon and dropped back a little. He and two others overtook me and McMulligan ordered me to take my horse from the wagon. I refused and he made at me. I thought it a matter of life or death. I did not have a friend present, so I decided to give him the best I had. We knocked for a time and he was getting the best of me. I pulled off the gloves I wore and made for him. I noticed his wind was short and we clinched and fell, he on top with his head toward my feet. I reached for his head with my legs and pulled his

arm up and got his thumb in my teeth, and I made the bones crack. He yelled so that he was heard at the head of the train, some distance ahead. The wagon master and two men came back thinking I was yelling. McMulligan gave me his word that if I would let him loose, he would never molest me again. The wagon master told me I had punished him enough. I let loose of his thumb and he arose. As I got up, his friend cried: "Go for him" and he made another charge. I got a finger of the other hand between my hands and that limbered him.

Just before we reached a camping place, the wagon master told me he had heard some of McMulligan's mess say that if he could not lick me, some of them could and he told me that when the train was corralled to step out and dare McMulligan or any of his friends to come on. I did so but McMulligan sneaked off while one of his friends, Dud Kelley, came at me with a lever about eight feet long. He might have killed me but the boys took it away from him and he shied off. I flopped my wings and crowed like a Bantam. The next morning I was lying in a wagon in hearing of McMulligan's mess. I heard one of the boys say: "I tell you, Hoosier is getting to be some. We did not know he was such a fighter when we were ordering him around."

When we reached Las Vegas, the town was full of Mexicans. It was a day set apart for gambling and at night there was to be a fandango. The boys proposed to give me five dollars if I would guard the cattle that night and allow them to attend the fandango. I agreed and hired two Mexican

boys to help me guard them. After the cattle had filled themselves and lay down, we got together and the boys made cigarettes and lighted them by striking their flints and lighting punk. I told the boys to watch the cattle while I slept and to awaken me at a certain time and I would watch and allow them to sleep. I charged them not to go to sleep and they promised they would keep a sharp look out. I awoke some time in the later part of the night. The boys were both asleep. I awoke them and we started to find the cattle. Some were in a ravine feeding. I was afraid we would not find the others. The boys came back from the fandango in the morning and the wagon master said we would find the cattle on the road. So we hitched up and soon overtook them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BUFFALO COUNTRY.

FRESH WATER DISCOVERED—SPORT WITH THE BUFFALO RENEWED.

When we reached Waters' ranch, we learned that the stallion that had been recaptured was sent by a train that had passed us, to Lexington, Mo. They thought it safer to send it to the States for fear he might get away again. The last I heard of the stallion was that they were offering to bet $1,000 that he could out-run any horse in the United States in twenty miles.

There was a long stretch on our route that we were dreading because of the scarcity of water but it so happened that at a midway point, we met a Mexican train and the men told us of water that our boys knew nothing of. A Mexican offered to take us to it. So three or four of us took our canteens and strapped our water kegs on our backs and followed him quite a distance up a canyon to the base of a large hill where we found the finest cistern of water I ever saw. It looked as if there had been a sand-slide from the hill which was afterwards

formed into sand rock. There was a well-formed cistern ten or twelve feet in diameter and perhaps fiifteen feet, filled with cold, clear cistern water. The cistern was in the center of a table-rock that had a gradual slope to the center with little gutters to conduct the rain to the mouth of the cistern which was not over five feet in diameter. On the south side there was a channel which conducted the water away when there was a surplus. In the solid rock there were mule tracks as plain as if just made in the mud. The mules were shod. We returned to camp with our vessels well filled.

Again we reached the Cimaron river. It is a strange stream. In places the water runs on the surface and again it sinks in the sand only to rise again. Occasionally a large pool of clear water is seen. The pool is lower than the water which circulates through the sand. We camped at one of these pools one noon and just as the train was starting one of the boys and myself discovered that there were lots of fine cat-fish in the pool. We waded after them as the water was only two or three feet deep. We discovered when the sediment was stirred up, the fish would come the surface to breathe. By placing our hands under them, we could throw them out on the bank. Becoming greatly interested in the sport, we concluded to remain a while and catch all we could. The understading was we would camp at Willow Bar about ten miles away. After catching all the fish we could carry, we started for the train. The road was sandy

and walking was very slavish. We were much fa-fatigued but clung to the fish. We were greatly disappointed at Willow Bar to find no wagons and night coming on. We knew the next camping place was twelve or fifteen miles farther on and it would be a great undertaking to walk that distance. So we threw away our fish and started with sad hearts and tired limbs. Another discouraging feature was that we were in a country of hostile Indians and liable to be taken in at any time. I will not attempt to describe how tired and disheartened we were, trudging through the dry fine sand that gave away at every step, our feet burying shoe top deep. My partner said he was so tired he would have to give up. I told him if he did, the big grey wolves would eat him and if they did not, I would. So he took new courage. But we finally reached the train about midnight. I suppose there were never two happier fellows and I know there were never any more tired or hungry. The boys were about as glad to see us as we were to see them. They had made up their minds that the Indians had taken us as they had seen a gang at a distance about sundown.

We were expecting soon to reach the buffaloes as we had been informed they were feeding farther south than we left them in the spring.

One day our wagon master, who was riding in front of the train, fell back and told us we were in sight of buffalo. He pointed to three old bulls lying a little distance ahead. The boys drove the loose cattle ahead of our wagon and hid behind

them until the cattle were close to them. The boys designated one that we would all fire at as they wanted to make sure of one, as we were wanting fresh meat. The great brutes rose to their feet but did not seem to scare when the boys fired at the one selected. The other two started with a rolling jump. I was on my horse and pursued them with a pair of holsters that belonged to our wagon master. My horse ran at the side of the buffaloes, they keeping abreast. It is not every horse that can run on to a buffalo. A horse that keeps up with a buffalo is getting over the ground. I fired at close range but do not know that I hit them, perhaps not. The buffalo which the boys shot soon got sick. He would paw the ground, grunt and lie down. Mr. Percel, a passenger on the train, was a venturesome man. He carried a butcher knife in a scabbard in his boot leg. He would take his knife in hand when a buffalo was wounded, advance on him from behind and cut his hamstrings and let him down. It looked dangerous, but he claimed by getting close to them, he could turn around as fast as the buffalo. When an animal was cut down, he was at our mercy. A buffalo is very tenacious of life. Unless hit in a vital spot, one would not know the animal was hurt. Our army guns would send a ball through them. To kill a buffalo, we shot it back of the fore leg and pretty low down. After one has been shot through the heart, I have seen him run a little ways.

CHAPTER XII.

HUNTING BUFFALOES.

THE GREAT SPORT OF OUR WESTERN COUNTRY.

We did not travel far until we were in the midst of buffaloes. The whole surface of the plains seemed to be a great mass of buffaloes. At times they did not try to get out of our way and at other times they would run when we were miles away. Buffaloes are governed more by scent than by sight and old hunters took advantage of that fact. We all observed that when they would run, the wind was blowing from us to them. All who remember having seen buffalo meat on the market remember it is dark and coarse. Hence there was the impression that all buffalo meat was dark, but it was a mistake for there was no more delicious meat than young buffalo meat.

One day I took my gun and strolled to the summit of a ridge to see the cows and calves that the boys told about. It was a sight to see thousands of the little black fellows. They fairly swarmed. I could not get as near as I wanted on account of a

gang of gray wolves, some of which looked as big as St. Bernard dogs. Usually wolves show cowardice but these seemed to have no fear. There was one monstrous buffalo bull that stood his ground. He kept pawing and grunting and raising a cloud of dust. I did not like his appearance. I thought before returning I would see if I could raise any dust from him. So I let him have it. We could always tell where we hit an old bull for the dust would fly from his great coat of fur which is full of dust for they are always rolling in the dust. There are great holes called buffalo wallows. The old fellow started toward me. I ran for the wagons quite a distance off. I looked back and could see his great shaggy mane flopping. He was gaining on me. A number of the boys saw him coming so they came out to meet him. They attracted his attention and I got out of the way. The boys divided and shot at him from both sides. The wagons had corralled for the night and he went within twenty or thirty rods of the camp. He soon got sick and would lie down and get up repeatedly which was a sure sign that he was mortally wounded. Mr. Percel got his great butcher knife out and started for him. The bull chased him but Percel kept too close at his heels, striking all the time at his hamstrings and finally succeeded in cutting him down. He thus lost his power of locomotion and the boys would jump on his back just to hear him snort. When he was dead, we took enough of his meat for supper. We never took anything but tenderloins of old bulls. They were very good even from old bulls.

We had some exciting experiences killing buffaloes. One day after we got to where they were not so numerous, there being small herds of a thousand or so isolated from the main herd, we found them on the alert and it was a little hard to get between them and the main herd. There was a small herd a mile or so to the southeast of us. The main body was north and a little to the west of us. As I stated it was hard to get between those small herds and the main herd. If they saw we were about to cut them off, they would try to pass as far as possible from us. After the leaders had passed, the others would follow in the same line and the hunter had better stand aside. A stream in this prairie country can not be seen until one gets right to it. There was a dry, deep channel and we took advantage of the buffaloes and kept down the bed out of sight until we were directly between them and the main herd. As soon as we made our appearance they started to pass us so that by the time they were past us, we were up to their line of crossing the dry bed. There was a perpendicular bank on the south side but that did not stop them. They jumped off turning somersaults upon the soft sand on the other side. The herd was feeding and all did not see us at first but as fast as they did see us, they would start to the line of those in front. So they were strung out a mile or so. We stood on the bank as near as we dared, shooting and loading. But we killed only one and it ran some forty rods and when it fell, it turned its feet up and was dead. We went to it and

it was shot through the heart. We cut out its tongue and started for the wagons which were a long ways off. We did not catch them until they had camped for the night. To say that we were hungry and tired would express it but feebly.

After we had got away from the buffalos we could occasionally see an old straggler all alone. The last one we saw was feeding to the north of the road. I was riding my horse and a fellow named Perry Matthews asked me to ride around to the other side of the buffalo and scare him over where he would conceal himself behind a high bank or ravine. I did so. Perry was expecting the buffalo to cross below him a little ways but he went down the bank where Perry was in hiding. You should have seen him come boiling out. He was badly scared when he saw the old bull with his great shaggy hair coming in a rolling jump.

I suppose it would be interesting to most people to know what kind of fuel we used while crossing the plains where there is such an expanse of country without a tree of any kind. I will say that we had an abundance of the best fuel, commonly known as "buffalo chips." The chips had been exposed to the rains and heat of the sun so long that they were entirely odorless and almost as hard as pine knots. No doubt some were eight or ten years old. They made a better fire than wood even if wood had been available, from the fact that as soon as the fire started, a coal was formed ready for use whereas we would have had to wait on wood to burn to a coal. The most fastidious ladies crossing the

plains thought no more of gathering buffalo chips than our ladies would think of gathering chips at the wood pile. My part of camp duty was to gather chips. I suppose I have gathered enough to fill a small barn.

CHAPTER XIII.

SMALLPOX BREAKS OUT.

DESERTS THE TRAIN AND STARTS ALONE.

The reader will remember, the fandango in Los Vegas the night I herded the cattle. Well, I never got a cent for herding the cattle but the boys got the smallpox. Two or three of them caught the smallpox at the fandango and about half the boys in the train had it afterwards. In fact, every man that had not been vaccinated took it except myself. We had a hospital wagon where the patients rode. We were entirely unprepared to treat them. There was no medicine and no diet except train fare, which consisted of bacon, sugar and rice. The hospital wagon was open except the cover. It was very unpleasant to be associated with the sick. They spent most of their time quarreling. They would stick their scabby faces out of the wagon and such cursing! Notwithstanding their unfavorable surroundings, all recovered except the man first taken who arose one night to get a drink and took cold. The mail coach conveyed the information to

Missouri that our train had smallpox and later we learned from the outgoing mail that we would be quarantined out on the road and held until we were all well. That did not strike me favorably. I had had enough. I wanted to get back to civilization and be vaccinated. So I got the wagon master to figure up how many guards I would have to stand and how many drives I would have. I got him to agree to let me do duty by standing guard every night in succession and driving every day until I served my time. The cattle were so well broken that they were little to herd. I could nap a little while they were lying down. I got along all right and served out my time. I was to have my freedom as soon as we crossed the Arkansas river.

We crossed the river and camped, but in the morning the wagon master objected to me leaving the train. He made several excuses, said I would never get through, that the Indians would kill me. I saw they were determined not to let me go. So I pretended I had given the matter up but I was fully determined to go. I had my horse and bridle but no saddle. I folded my blanket and made a fairly good saddle, I slipped around the camp and got a sack of ground coffee, a tin cup a lot of matches. That was my entire outfit.

When the train started, I rode ahead as I often did. After I passed over a ridge out of sight of the train, I struck a much faster gait and that was the last I saw of the train or they saw of me. Water was not scarce and I thought I could make it all right. At noon, I made some strong coffee and felt

as if I had had a first class dinner. I got my supper in the same manner. I was afraid the Indians would get my horse, so I picketed him out near the road and took my blanket and slept near the horse in a hollow. I thought if the Indians found my horse I would lie in concealment until the train came up. I was tired and slept soundly and when I awoke my horse was all right. My breakfast was the same as dinner and supper. The second day was a long and lonesome one. I did not see a single thing except one Indian. He saw me a long ways off and sat on his pony until I came up. He had a deer in front of his saddle and I was really glad to see him and he seemed glad to see me. I stopped and we looked at each other. He crossed my road and went east. I continued on the Santa Fe trail. I nooned where a Mexican train had camped. I found the tree of an old saddle and some whang. So I constructed a saddle by making a girt and stirrups of whang. I folded my blanket and got on my horse and I am sure no young man ever felt prouder when he was on his way to see his best girl than I felt riding my new saddle. The third day I did not see a person all day. A little before night I saw a very dark cloud rising in the west. I thought there was a great storm approaching. It came nearer and nearer and I thought it strange there was no thunder or lightning. All at once, I was in a mass of black smoke. For a few minutes my horse and I almost suffocated but it rolled away and went east out of sight. Talk to me about fresh air treatment. I

am a firm believer in it. At night, I lay down to rest and a cold drizzly rain began. I was soon wet and chilled and I could not sleep until about midnight when I fell into a doze. Suddenly my horse gave a snort and came close to me and by putting my face close to the ground I could see an object. I will here say that no matter how dark it is if you put your head close to the ground, you can see much better. An Indian came up and exclaimed: "How? See Indians?" I said: "No. Heap wagons come." I did not understand what he was after. I thought I would make him think there were more of us.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DASH FROM INDIANS.

THEN A LONE TRADER IS FOUND AND FOOD SECURED.

The Indian shook my hand and started in a western direction. After he had gone a little ways, he commenced to yell: "Who-e-e, who-e-e." He made the plains ring. I thought he might be calling up other Indians and as I was cold and wet, I concluded to saddle up and move on. It was so dark that I could not see the road and the only way I could tell I was in the road was by my horse slipping. His hoofs were flat and enough rain had fallen to make the road slippery. I knew it was not far to a creek called 142 or 110, I do not remember which. But I knew it was a great camping place for trains and I was in hopes that I would find a train there. Then I thought I heard some one yell. That gave me encouragement to press on. After a time, I heard voices, and I decided that a train was near and the voices I heard were those of men on guard. If I found a train in camp I could get something to eat,

of which I was in great need, as I had subsisted on coffee more than two days. When I got near the creek, there were high weeds on both sides of the road with just enough room for a wagon. I was expecting to find the camp on the other side of the creek but I was much disappointed.

All at once I met a lot of Indians walking. They were scattered from one side of the road to the other. They took my horse by the bridle. Some held me by the legs. Others pulled my horse's tail. They kept up a continual jabber. I did not attempt to reply to them. Of one thing I was sure and that was I was at their mercy. But still I was not frightened for I had the consolation that Indians never kill a lone traveler. I have no doubt I was safer alone than if with two or three others. They finally released my bridle and my legs and congregated behind my horse. I gave my horse a sudden kick and he sprang away in a lope which he kept up until I felt safe. Soon I heard a horse coming towards me. I dismounted and led my horse to one side until they had passed. When daylight came, I found my saddle had injured my horse's back. I had not taken pains to put it on right and my horse's back swelled on each side in great lumps as big as my head. So I had to throw my saddle away and drive my horse in front of me. He became stiff and I had to lash him to make him go.

About the middle of the day, I saw an American flag some distance ahead on a pole. Soon I saw a tent and when I reached it a white man came out to greet me. How glad I was and he appeared to

be as glad as I. He was one of the MeGee brothers from Kansas City, Mo. They were great Indian traders. He brought whiskey and a few other articles to sell to the Indians. Mr. McGee offered me a dram and at first I refused. He said it would be the best thing for me. So I took it. He then gave me food which I needed. I wondered why he had an American flag over his place and I have decided that he did it to protect himself from the Indians. They could have wiped him out any time but they had great respect for the power represented by the flag. So McGee used it to impress the Indians that he must be left alone.

CHAPTER XV.

TO CIVILIZATION.

THE KAW AGENCY AND THB QUAKER MISSION REACHED.

I reached Council Grove that evening. As I approached the Agency, I heard a pitiful wail from the Indians. An old Indian came out to meet me and he explained their trouble. He said: "Comanche kill um Kaw." The Kaw Indians had the reputation of being cowardly. On that account they were despised by the other tribes. Indians had their hunting grounds divided as we do our states. Sometimes their boundry lines were in dispute. Then they had a kind of an Indian Monroe doctrine to enforce. Whenever a Kaws trespassed on other tribes, he was sent to the happy hunting ground. Whenever the Kaws were scared they would flock from all over their reservation to Council Grove, the Kaw agency. Their tents were in groups around the village. They would kneel down and set up the most pitiful wail I ever heard. It was their manner of mourning. They kept it up until

nearly morning I noticed then that each had a streak of white clay across the top of his head. The old chief and about a dozen other bucks formed a circle on Hay's porch. The chief was the center. He would rap on the floor to keep time and they sang a good many Indian melodies. I fared well at the Agency. Mr. Hays and his kind wife did all in their power to make it pleasant. They had a colored woman for a servant. I felt very awkward when I went to the table. I did not know how to use my knife and fork. I had forgotten on which side of my plate to set my cup. I got a good rest and was in no great hurry to leave for my horse did not improve. Before I left a Mexican train came up bound for Kansas City. It belonged to Armeho, a very noted Mexican freighter. With the train were four passengers, a single white lady, two young white men and a negro and to my surprise the negro was Jordan who had sung at the fandango at Fort Albuquerque. I made arrangements with Armeho to go through in his train. There was a large three-seated carriage in which we all rode. I turned my horse loose with the extra mules and ponies which were driven in front of the train. The two young men were rivals for the favors of the young lady and could not help showing their jealousy. Jordan and I enjoyed watching them. She seemed to show no partiality and both were wrought to a red heat. Afterward she married one at Kansas City.

The Santa Fe trail passed the Quaker mission farm on the east. I decided to leave the train and

take a near cut across the farm. I offered to pay Armeho for traveling with him but he would take nothing. When I took my poor horse out of the herd, he was a sight. The Mexicans had split his hide to whang strings. He was stiffened up and could not get out of their way. They used large blacksnake whips with both hands and when they struck an animal, they would lay the hide open.

I passed diagonally through the farm and as I was passing the corn crib, I heard Richard Mendenhall laughing. He was in the crib and saw me. He exclaimed: "Thee looks like thee had not washed thy face, combed thy hair or washed thy shirt since thee left here last spring." I at once began to realize that I had reached civilization.

CHAPTER XVI.

TROUBLED KANSAS.

THE FIRST ASSAULT EVER MADE BY BORDER RUFFIANS.

I had been over five months among Indians, Mexicans and trainmen who never take any special pains with their toilet. I saw the rebel prisoners march into Camp Morton and they were a dirty and ragged set, but in comparison with the men who have bull-whacked across the plains and back, one might have thought the rebels were going to church instead of to prison. On the plains we did our own mending. We patched our clothes with flour sacks. The suit we started with is worn all week. There are no laundries on the plains. No barber shops. No bath houses. So I was not surprised at Friend Mendenhall's personal remark. When he came out of the crib he gave me a shaking up. He made sport of my horse and asked what kind of animal it was. But he escorted me to the house and neither Mrs. Mendenhall nor Mrs. Thayer, wife of the superintendent, knew me. They said:

"Is it possible that this is James Little who left here last spring?" Even the Indian children were shy of me.

The dining room was in the basement, Indians and whites eating at the same table which reached almost the length of a long room. I had forgotten that the Friends sit a little while before commencing to eat. Without thinking, I turned my plate over and was ready to proceed. Then I saw my error. I was governed more by a habit formed on the plains. There, if one felt thankful for blessings it was not the custom to make a statement either vocally or silently. The intent of the heart was what counted there. I saw that all at the table noticed my blunder. Even the Indians, whom they were trying to civilize, noticed it. But I set myself right by waiting until all were ready and when the bell tapped, we all took an even start.

I was at a loss to know how to handle my cup and knife and fork, but by watching the others I managed to get along.

I also found that it bothered me to get accustomed to sleeping in the house. The air seemed oppressive. A man will form habits in camp life that are hard to break. I have often heard our boys say that six months traveling on the plains seemed more than six years at home.

The next day I went to Westport to a barber shop. I also bought a suit of clothes. I felt so different that I hardly realized that I was the same fellow. They did not recognize me at the Mission and Mrs. Thayer said: "Is it possible that this is the

same James Little that left here this morning?"

Kansas was now open for settlers and the early settlers were arriving from the east. There was a warm feeling growing between the free state people and the pro-slavery people. The question was whether Kansas should be a slave state or a free state. One day a young Southerner got up on a box in the street in Westport and made a speech to fire up the pro-slavery people. There were wagons psssing along the street loaded with goods, with women and children on top of the load. They were the first arrivals of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid society. In his remarks the southerner turned, and pointing to the wagons, said: "Why do you allow these d——d Abolitionists to come here? The next thing you know they will steal your niggers." The better class of citizens did not approve of such remarks, but the speaker was surrounded by a set of ruffians who cheered him. After he had finished speaking, a crowd assembled on a corner. I was on the opposite side of the street. A man came walking briskly down the street where the crowd had assembled. One of the gang stepped out and said to the man: "Do you belong to the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society?" I did not hear the answer but I think he said he did. The ruffian said: "Then you are an Abolitionist," and sprang at him and gave him a terrible choking. This was the first man that was ever molested by the Border Ruffians. The affair created much excitement. It was the commencement of the civil war.

CHAPTER XVII.

GETS HIS MONEY.

TEN DOLLARS BONUS FOR DRIVING WITHOUT SWEARING.

I did not hear from our train for two or three weeks as it was quarantined before it got in. Their camp was not far from where Olathe now is. I did not take much interest in the train as I did not expect to get anything more for my services on account of deserting. I felt that I had done nothing dishonorable for I had fulfilled my part of the contract. But I did not know how Majors would view the matter. One of the men from the Mission met Majors at Westport who told him he was going to pay off at his house the next day and Majors said for me to come down. His farm was about four miles off on the Missouri and Kansas line. So I footed it down there next day and when I was in sight of the place I saw the boys standing in a group. As soon as I was in hearing distance, they began to cheer and cry: "Come, Hoosier, and get your ten doollars." I did not understand what it meant, but Majors asked me

if I had sworn while on the trip. I told him I had not. He asked the boys if they had heard me swear and they all said they had not. Then he handed me a ten dollar gold piece. The wagon master said I lacked a little of standing out my guard and that would be deducted with $50 paid for my horse. Majors eulogized me and asked me if I was ever before paid for doing right. He offered me empolyment, but I had enough.

When I got back to the Mission that evening I had a very favorable report and showed my ten dollar gold piece. Mat Hadley and Jehu Hadley came that day. It was the first time I had ever seen them to know them. A few years afterwards I was in the Danville post office one day and told my story but I felt that no one believed me: Mat, who was standing near, slapped me on the shoulder and said: "I know you now. I was at the Mission when you came back with your ten dollars."

It was often stated in that country and once in my presence that an Indianian actually drove an ox team across the plains and back without swearing. I recently wrote to Cyrus Rogers, who lives in the Indian Territory, and asked if he knew of any Indian or white man who was there when we were. His answer was that he does not, that a few years ago he saw an Indian named Blue Jacket who was the last Shawnee. He is now dead. I have been trying to learn if there is any man living who was in Kansas as early as 1854 and Cryus is the only one.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE AT THE MISSION.

AMUSING INCIDENTS WITH THE INDIANS.

I could tell many amusing things of the life at the Mission. There was a tall Indian boy, 14 or 15 years old. One dark night Cyrus and I were standing at the foot of the stairway that ascended from the basement. The Indian boy came down the steps and as he landed at the bottom we gathered him in and dipped him in a big trough of water. He could not see us and he yelled manfully. Mr. Mendenhall came out and said: "What is thee and Jim doing to Moses?" We said: "Nothing; only giving him a bath." He said: "Yes, you are hard cases."

There were six or eight grown Indian girls and they never seemed to like me, and I could not learn the reason. One day we met and one named Mahala said, "Jim, eh, what eh you eh stay eh here for. You eh no Quaker. You white man." There was no use to try to convince them that a Quaker was a white man. They looked on Quakers as a different race. Richard Mendenhall's wife, Sarah,

had false teeth, the first I had seen. Somtimes she wore them and sometimes she did not. The Indians noticed this, and they were greatly puzzled. So they all met her one day and Mahala did the questioning. She said: "Sarah, what eh for you sometimes have teeth and some eh times you don't?" At first she did not tell them, but finally she did.

There were three Choteau brothers, Frenchmen, all married to Indian squaws. Their children were educated at the M. E. Mission South, or the Tom Johnson Mission, as it was called. One of their wives told me that she was born in Indiana, on White Lick, when the Shawnees were moving from Ohio to Kansas. I had often heard my parents and other old settlers speak of the occurrence. A child died and was buried in the Irons cemetery, located on the east bank of White Lick creek in Hendricks Co., Indiana, the first burried there. While in camp a child was born in the company. This woman's age corresponded to the time they were camped there. While they were at camp John McMullen and Uncle Bob Little wrestled with the bucks and threw them. The men claimed that their grandfather laid out St. Louis. The name is pronounced Shoto.

When the first Kansas emigrants arrived, there were no places of entertainment. They lived mostly in camp. It was well-known that the Quakers were abolitionists, so leading free-state people stopped at the Mission. The Quakers were so interested in having Kansas a free state that they were frequently imposed upon.

One singular circumstance I learned was that there is no vulgarity in the Indian language. Indians name things from circumstances that take place at the time. If a child is born and a horse dies, the child is called "Dead Horse." Nearly all of the Indian children put in school were renamed. A great many of their names are ridiculously vulgar when translated into English. I was present when they enrolled the names of Indians and Indian families after the Kansas treaty, so they could receive their annuity from the goverment. They were required to give their Indian names and to interpret them. A great many names were so vulgar they were not recorded.

CHAPTER XIX.

QUAKER MISSION FAMILY.

A VISIT TO SHOTOS—AN EFFORT TO CIVILIZE INDIAN GIRLS.

Eli Thayer was Superintendent of the Quaker Mission. He had a wife and two children, a son and daughter. They were from West Milton, Miami county, Ohio. Eli was an invalid and was seldom away from the house. Mrs. Thayer was an excellent, motherly Quaker lady. She was a mother to the Indian children. Elizabeth, their oldest, was a model young woman and reflected much sunshine at the Mission. She always had a kind word for every one. The Indian girls all loved her, and her example shed a great influence over them. James, their son, was a lad of about twelve. Richard Mendenhall, the teacher, was from Plainfield, Indiana. His family consisted of a wife and son. Mrs. Mendenhall, or Sarah Ann as she was called. was a plain, motherly Quaker lady. Charles was about ten years old and said thee and thou. Cyrus Rogers was a young man from Hendricks county,

Indiana. He was the Mission Farmer. Altogether I never knew a more peaceable collection of people. Even the Indian children were more submissive than most white children. I never heard of any kind of punishment being inflicted by Mendenhall in the Indian school.

One Sunday afternoon Cyrus Rogers said to me: "Jim, lets get Elizabeth to coax some of the Indian girls to go with us to Shotos and have some fun." "All right," I said. So we proposed the matter to her and she was in for it. She soon made arrangements with four of the girls to accompany us. Shotos lived about two miles to the west. There were three Shoto brothers, all married to squaws. They were intelligent Frenchmen and owned slaves when Kansas was a territory. The girls were walking in a group a little ahead of us. Cyrus said, "Jim I will walk with Elizabeth and you walk with one of the Indian girls." So I sprang forward and overtook them and offered my services to Mahala, as she was the most civilized one of them. It was a great surprise to her. She suddenly bucked, then I halted; then she pitched forward and I ran and caught up; then she would dodge back and forth, and finally retreated back to the Mission. I discovered I was not popular with the Indian girls. They never seemed to like me. The meanest thing they could say was to call me a white man. They thought the Quakers were a different tribe. I did not use the plain language. I told Cyrus that I would walk with Elizabeth and for him to walk with one of the girls. So he said he would make the attempt, but

he did not have any better success than I. He had a terrible chase after one, and she got away and went back to the Mission. So that only left us two. Matters were not going right. We did not know how to proceed but we held a council and it was decided that I should make another advance. It was a forlorn hope, but I had orders and must not show cowardice; so I made another effort and completely failed. She would pitch out ahead of me and then jump back behind me, and I would charge up to her side. She called me all sorts of names, some in Indian and some in English. One I remember was "Skunk." She went back to the Mission, so that only left us one and we did not want to lose her, so concluded not to try to go with her until we returned. We thought that certainly by the time we went back we would have her civilized so we could go with her. We finally arrived at the Shoto house and entered. We found two old squaws sitting in the room and neither could speak a word in English, but they soon brought the two daughters in and they invited us into the Indian parlor. The house was a large, double-room log house with a kitchen shedded to one side. The parlor was neatly furnished. The young ladies were educated at the M. E. Mission South. They were rather good looking and reasonably intelligent, but adopted the customs of white people and made themselves agreeable. We had a pleasant evening and remained quite a while. When we started to return the Shoto girls went a short distance with us. They then bade us good bye and started to returned to the house.

By that time we reached the timber which extended to the Quaker Mission. So the time had now fully arrived to make an effort to break in our only remaining wild Indian girl. We felt sure we had the sinch on her: she was a long distance from the Mission. It was dark and the road was quite lonely and certainly she would accept an escort and be delighted with the opportunity; so taking all into consideration it gave me great confidence, so I approached her in as gentle a manner as possible and she started to run as fast as she could go so I could not do anything but run after her. When I would overtake her she would dodge toone side and run back. I gave her several chases and she took to the brush but Indian like she could out run me in the brush, so she escaped from me and the last I heard of her she was making the brush crack so I gave up the chase. I had got the mitten before but I never had such an experience before. We never saw her any more and were afraid she would not be able to make her way back to the Mission. We approached, with fear and trembling. But when we got to the house Richard Mendenhall came out meeting us and said with great earnestness Cyrus what have you and James been doing to the Indian girls. We answered by saying the object at the Mission is to civilize them and teach them the customs of white people and we had only been giving them a lesson. He said they had been coming in one at a time ever since we started and everyone had told a bad story about how they had been treated. The one that got away and made her

escape, had got in a long time before our arrival I found out later where we made a grand mistake. We tresspassed on Indian customs. The saying is when you are in Rome do as Rome does. When a young buck Indian goes with a young squaw he either goes in front of her or behind her. It is bad manners to walk at her side. Indians while traveling on ponies always go single. It shows a lack of sociability which Indians are much noted for.

CHAPTER XX.

INDIANS RECEIVE LAND AND MONEY FROM THE GOVERNMENT.

INDIAN DRESS—DR. BARKER SUPT. OF BAPTIST MISSION, CAMP MEETING.

What was known as the Missouri Compromise act which was passed in 1820, which prohibited slavery north and west of Missouri was repealed in 1854. The Territory of Nebraska was divided into two parts. The south part was named Kansas and the north part retaining the name Nebraska. The Territory was purchased from the Indians which included several tribes. Each tribe had a reservation set off. My recollection is that each Indian was allowed 200 acres of land and their annuity in money accruing from land sold to the government. I remember that just before the books were closed on the Shawnee land an old Indian came down from the Kaw River in an excited manner to an old Indian Church House, where they were in the act of completing the enrollment and made the announce-

ment that his wife had twins which entitled him to 400 acres more land, besides a large sum of annuity money. He had already had his large family enrolled and the new arrival was a great addition to the amount of land and money he was previously entitled to. It caused a great deal of amusement for the Indians who were less fortunate. It was a great harvest for the merchants when the Indians received their annual payments. They knew just how much each Indian would draw from the government and they would credit them to something near the amount.

I once heard John B. Scott, who was agent for the Sac and Fox Indians remark that at that time the Indians owed him ten thousand dollars. Some one remarked: "You don't expect to collect near all of it do you?" He said he expected to collect every cent of it. He said on pay-day he would be on hand with his book where the Indians would have to pass him after they had received their money and every Indian would stop and pay the full amount of their indebtedness. He said, "Of course it would not be safe to allow them to pass without a settlement, for most Indians are great spendthrifts". Indians are the best customers in the world. My observation was that most Indian traders got rich who were out on the frontiers in an early day. Indians don't stand on price if an article is attractive with red predominating. A credit is also a great inducement. Many of them feel as though they were getting something for nothing. One of the many articles of dress with the squaws is a fine

shawl with flashy colors. It was no uncommon thing for them to pay fifty dollars for a shawl and frequently twice that amount. I frequently saw them riding pony back in a calico dress, a fifty dollar shawl, a gay handkerchief tied on their heads, and hankerchief tied on each arm and a number of flashy ones tied around their waist. Away they would ride to or from town with their pony going at a break-neck speed. While at the Quaker Mission I often heard Mrs. Thayer, the superintendents wife, and Sarah Ann, wife of Richard Mendenhall, lecture the Indian girls about taking better care of their clothing. The girls would reply, "Oh don't care, get more, not long till annuity." That meant the government would pay an annual payment in money. They all had the word annuity down fine. They all looked forward with a bright anticipation to pay day. I often heard them exclaim "I will get so and so when I get annuity." A young man by the name of Jo DeShane a half breed Shawnee whose father was a Frenchman was a favorite clerk in a big Indian store in Westport. He spake a number of Indian languages beside French and English. He could adapt his conversation to a great diversity of customers. During the sickly season in hot weather he would take a vacation which he spent at the Quaker Mission where he was always welcomed. He was one of the neatest young men I ever saw. He always dressed in the finest clothes which was of the latest fashion. He never allowed a speck of dirt on his clothes. His hair was rather long and as black as a raven

which was combed and brushed to perfection. During harvest time at the Mission he would go out and make a full hand. He was very industrious. He wore his finest clothes in the harvest field which were as neatly brushed as if he had been going to a party. Dr. Barker the superintendent of the Baptist Mission was perhaps the first or one of the earliest Missionaries in Kansas. I think he told me he had been there near forty years. The Mission House stood in a dense forest of timber. He told me when he built the Mission house he built it in an open prairie and the timber had grown up since. The Dr. took great interest in teaching the Indians music. He said all Indians had a talent for music. I attended preaching several times at the Indian church where the Dr. preached. An Indian interpreter stood by the Dr's. side. His name was Cormoppee. Barker would speak a sentence in English and then Cormoppee would repeat the same in Shawnee for the benefit of old Indians who could not understand English. Dr. Barker translated a collection of old familiar hymns such as "When I can read my title clear," "Amazing grace," etc. The hymns were arranged in the book so the hymn on the left was in English and on the opposite page the same hymn was in Shawnee Indian. So the singers could take choice so both Indian and English were sang at the same time. I some times sang in Indian, there was no trouble in pronouncing the words, it was the novelty of the thing I liked.

I attended an Indian camp meeting which was held by the Shawnee Indians. It was well attend-

ed, some Indians of other tribes also attended. The Indians are quite noisy in their meetings. The Indians like the Quakers but don't join the church. I never knew but one Indian to belong to the Friends church. There was an old Indian who belonged to the Friends church. He attended worship every Sunday at the Quaker Mission, I asked Mendenhall why they never joined the Friends and he said the Quakers were too quiet. They like noisy meetings. They like to sing loud; shout and make lots of noise. Indians have strict rules.

CHAPTER XXI.

KANSAS OPEN FOR SETTLERS.

EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY—CONTEST BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH BEGINS—CHANGE THE NAME OF A TOWN.

Kansas was opened for settlement the first of June 1854. But few settlers moved into the Territory until fall. The pro-slavery people of the south and especially of Missouri was greatly surprised that there was such a rush of Northern people to Kansas. They felt sure of making it a slave state so there was a great effort both north and south to win the Territory. The south for slavery, and the north for freedom when it would be admitted into the union. The pro-slavery people held meeting and passed resolutions in order to intimidate the abolitionist and in the meantime the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society was organized. They gave free transportation and arms for defence. About the only conveyance from the east to Kansas was by steam boats on the Missouri river. Every boat was loaded with eastern people. A great

many Bostonians, a large portion of them only remained a few days. It was too great a change for them, so they returned to the east. Some only remained over one night. A committee was sent out by the Aid Society to select a town site and lay out a yankee city. It resulted in the laying out of Lawrence but that was not what it was named at first. They called their future city Wakarusa after a stream near by. The leaders made their headquarters at the Quaker Mission where I was stopping. At times the house was crowded; it was the only convenient place to stay. They felt they were among free state people where they could give expression to their sentiments. The mails from the east were uncertain as the steamboats carried all the mail from the east. Emigrants were quite anxious to hear from their friends in the east. When one of the number received a letter they were nearly crazy to hear the news. So they passed resolutions that all letters not of a private nature should be read out so all could have the benefit of the latest news. I was generally around and heard their letters vocalized. At times it was quite amusing. All spoke in high praise of the beautiful Indian name they had adopted. Wakarusa was such a beautiful name. It was so romantic. They liked it because it was an Indian name. They spoke words of caution to not allow any western phrases to creep into their colony. Lets make it purely an eastern city and keep up the customs of eastern people. Every letter spoke in high praise of the beautiful name Wakarusa. A city by that name

would of its self be a great send-off. But finally some one of an enquiring turn of mind wrote a letter and said they would like to have the meaning of Wakarusa, it certainly must have a good meaning. No one had ever thought of it before, it was a stunner. No one knew. They ascertained that it was a Kaw Indian word, but the Kaw Indians had gone to Council Grove. They were determined to find out if possible. So they sent a committee to Council Grove some 150 miles to the southwest on the old Santa Fe trail to interview the Indians. They found some very aged Kaws who gave the origin of the name. They said a great many years ago a party of Kaws were crossing the stream on foot. All got across except an old squaw who made a great demonstration when the cold water struck her about the waist, it greatly amused the Indians. So they cried out *Wakarusa* which gave rise to the name of the stream. So they dropped the name Wakarusa. It put a damper on them. So they were at sea for quite a while. Other names were proposed in nearly all their letters but they could not agree on any name. So finally it was announced that the president and treasurer of their society, a wealthy Bostonian by the name of Lawrence, proposed that if they would name the city Lawrence he would make the future city a present of a library worth several thousand dollars. I could see it put a smile on the guests of the Quaker Mission. The name was agreed on at once. It is not always best to be too particular about the interpretation of Indian names. Let Indian names alone and don't try

to anglicize them. Indian names are all right. The interpretation of Chicago is *Skunk.* You don't hear of the citizens of that burg talking of changing the name. There is a town in Kansas and one in northern Indiana named Wakarusa. There is no stigma attached to the name.

CHAPTER XXII.

RICHARD MENDENHALL,

A QUAKER HERO.

If I were asked who, in my opinion, were the three greatest heroes that figured in Kansas during the "Border Ruffian Warfare," I should, without hesitation name James H. Lane, John Brown and Richard Mendenhall; but the weapons used by Lane and Brown were quite different from those used by Mendenhall. The two first named used fire-arms and no braver men ever faced death in the cause of freedom. Their very names was a terror to the Border Ruffians. They proved themselves to be men who had nerves of steel. They stood their ground and fought the enemy when they were greatly in the minority. The early settlers of Kansas never fully realized the protection they received from Lane and Brown. Mendenhall did not fight with fire-arms. He was a true Quaker and believed the "pen was mighter than the sword," We never saw his name mentioned in describing bloody conflicts; but every moment of his

RICHARD MENDENHALL

time that he had to spare was occupied in writing letters pleading the freedom of Kansas. I have no doubt he accomplished more for the cause of freedom for Kansas than any man who ever lived there. He never seemed to manifest the least degree of fear. In conversation or in his writing he was outspoken on the blighting influence of slavery. He wrote thousands of letters that were published in most of the leading papers of the country. He denounced the pro-slavery party with all the force his words could convey. He plead with the people of the North to not let the threats of the pro-slavery ruffians intimidate them. He appealed to the friends of freedom to try to induce the emigration of free-state people to fill the territory with liberty-loving people, so that when the time came to admit it into the Union it would enter as a free state. Nearly every mail that went out carried letters addressed to all parts of the country earnestly pleading the cause of freedom in Kansas. He became so well known that letters of inquiry poured in by the hundred. I have heard it stated that he received the largest mail of any man in Kansas. No man had greater notoriety in the territory at that time, and all knew he was an ultra Abolitionist and they were the class of settlers most despised by the pro-slavery element, a fact which Richard fully realized. It seemed to me that he was offering himself as a sacrifice in the cause of liberating the slaves. It was strange to me how he escaped with his life. He remained in Kansas during the entire struggle, denouncing the enemies of the free-state

cause. He openly expressed himself at all times. When his friends cautioned him to be more conservative his reply was; "He was only contending for the cause of justice." During the five years of the Border Ruffian Warfare he remained in the thickest of it. No man was better known and no man expressed himself stronger against the pro-slavery element than he, and yet he was never molested or even threatened by any one.

I think it was in 1855 that he left the Quaker Mission Farm and took a claim a little south of Osawatomie, which is close to the western boundary of Missouri. Many of the tragedies committed during the Kansas troubles was in the neighborhood of Osawatomie. In 1859 I was living at Neosho Falls, in Woodson county, and it was while there we had our first election under the territorial law, and I was employed to carry the returns to Topeka on foot. The county paid me one dollar a day and expenses. On my return I went to Osawatomie. It was a long ways out of my way. I spent a week at Richard Mendenhalls. His farm was peculiarily situated. Richard called his place Cresent Hill. I could not give a better description of it than to compare it to a horse shoe lying with the corks to the west and his farm inside the shoe and his house between the corks. It was a beautiful place nearly surrounded by a rocky ridge. Richard had built a stone fence which enclosed his farm. He took me on top of the bluff over the cork of the horse shoe, which pointed to the north-west, and showed me where he sat on a rock in plain view of

Osawatomie and saw a large band of border ruffians cross the stream from the north and fire the town, and retreat back across the stream and disappear to the north. He said he expected they would pay him a visit but he believed his obscurity saved him. He said if they had started in the direction of his place he should have placed himself and family in hiding. I was told of a circumstance that took place in the neighborhood a short time before I was there. A slave who was concealed in the neighborhood by a school teacher and others, was a fugitive from across the line. His old master came on horse-back and made inquiry and he was told that his slave was in the neighborhood and they would deliver him up. So the master waited till they brought out the slave. They made the master change suits of clothes with the slave and put the slave on the horse and started him west and marched the master on foot across the line. Too bad, too bad.

[The following letter written by Richard Mendenhall to the Danville Advertiser and published by that paper June 24th, 1854, will be of interest to our readers.]

JOTTINGS FROM THE WEST.

KANSAS TERRITORY,

6th month, 5th, 1854.

A meeting was held in our post town, Westport, Missouri, a few days ago, to consider what steps should be taken to prevent emigration from the free States, into this Territory. Some fiery speeches were made, urging the

people to keep back such emigration, peaceable if they could, but with the musket and bowie knife, if they must; at all hazards to keep it out. The speakers admitted that there was no hope of securing Nebraska for Slavary, but they were determined to carry it into Kansas, come what might. Resolutions were passed, embodying the sentiment of the speeches, and a wish express that they might be published all over the Union. I hope that they may be published in every paper in the free States, that the people may see to what desperate expedients the slave power can resort, not that we entertain any fear that such a movement will be made. The advocates of slavery extension cannot be so lost to reason, as seriously to think of such a thing. These fire eating orators failed to get up a spirit of enthusiasm. I came into the town, soon after the meeting closed, and I discovered no excitement more than usual, and though I learned incidentally that there had been a meeting, I did not know what were its objects until some days afterwards. It is not believed that any considerable number of the people of Missouri, would sanction such a measure. Many of them are oppossed to slavrey and some speak out openly against it. The pronunciations of the speakers were said to be rich. They spoke in high terms of Douglas, or Dooglas as they called him.

Where are your advocates of "State rights and squatter sovereignty?" "What say they to such a movement as this?" Now that the question of slavery is left to the people of the territories, will they see that the advocates of freedom have a fair chance, or will they hatch up some plea to justify these fire eaters?

Such a measure would be a heavy blow on the wedge that seems likely to sever the Union. I have always been an advocate of the perpetuity of the Union so long as it subserves the general good of the people, but when it becomes the same means of extending slavery into all our free territories, I say down with the Union, I would gladly see it rent to pieces.

There are a few bold spirits here, who will stand up to

the contest for freedom, to the last extremity, and we trust that the number may soon be increased by accession from the free States. Let no one be deterred from coming by these fiery demonstrations of slavery. Just keep cool, and come ahead. We intend to kindle a fire here for liberty that will frighten the enemies of freedom back into the dark dens of slavery.

RICHARD MENDENHALL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

L. X. AUBRAY.

A GREAT CHARACTER.

L. X. Aubray was a great character on the plains. A history of the Santa Fe trail without mention of him would be as incomplete as a history of the civil war without a mention of Gen. Grant. Yet I doubt if his name appears in any history of frontier life. His most active career was during Gen. Fremont's explorations of Oregon and California. His deeds were overlooked by historians and very little is known of them. When I landed on the border, the name of L. X. Aubray was a household word. He was a great freighter. He was also a trader on his own account and shipped to many points in the southwest. He was tall and straight as an Indian, a man of nerve and absolutely without fear. The Indians regarded him as a spirit and he was never molested by them. He was a great horse back rider and his endurance in the saddle was without parallel. He wagered large sums of money that he could travel long distances in a given time. In

1853 he wagered that he could ride from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in five days. He had several trains on the trail with a horse of great endurance in each. So he could exchange a mount in a minute and proceed at breakneck speed. He slept one hour at Council Grove. He then had 150 miles to travel to reach Independence. When he reached that point, his friends had to take him from his horse in an almost unconscious state. The distance was 800 miles and he road it in a little over four and one-half days and won the bet. In 1854, he made a bet that he could travel from San Francisco to Santa Fe in a certain time. When he arrived at Santa Fe, an army officer greeted him. As is the custom in that country, they had some drinks at the bar and while drinking, Aubray asked the officer what had become of the newspaper he had published at Albuquerque. The officer said it died a natural death. Aubray said: "It ought to have died. You published lies on my traveling." In an instant, each drew his weapon, Aubray a revolver and the officer a knife. The officer got in his work too quick and sent his knife to Aubray's heart who expired immediately.

So ended the career of a man of great courage who left the world without a written history. I suppose it would be hard to find one who had ever heard of him. The wonderful cowboy stories and the Buffalo Bill fame has all been made since he passed off the stage. What I have written transpired before cowboy days and before William Cody was ever heard of.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

John Brown was born in Tarkington, Connecticut, May the 9th 1800. His father's family moved to Ohio and settled near Akron at a small town named Kent, a few miles east of Akron. In 1816 he joined the Congregational church. He married Dantha Lusk in 1821. In 1830 his first wife died, in 1833 July 11th he married Mary Ann Day. He was engaged in raising sheep and was a dealer in wool. He had much experience in the sheep and wool business but was not a successful business man. At times he lost a good deal of money dealing in wool but it is said he was an excellent judge of that product. He was sympathetic and always opposed to the institution of slavery. When Kansas was opened for settlement June the 1st, 1854, five of his sons went to Kansas. Their names were John, Jason, Owen, Frederic and Salmon. Jason's boy four years old died on the way. They took almost no weapons but as many tools and fruit trees as they could carry. Brown was keeping well

John Brown

posted on the disturbances by the pro-slavery party in the Territory, and he told his boys if any of them had an idea of going to Kansas to help defeat the pro-slavery people he had no objection, but as far as he was concerned he felt that he had a work to do before going. They afterwards believed he had reference to a plan he was divising for getting up an insurrection somewhere in Virginia for the purpose of freeing the slaves. Although he had never mentioned it to them. He was known to have visited Fred Douglas and Garrett Smith to consult on his insurection scheme. In 1855 Brown went to Kansas. His sons had located near a place called Osawatomie. They went to work breaking prairie and trying to get ready for farming, but they had to undergo many hardships and privations. They suffered a good deal from ague and their subsistence was quite meager. John Brown also took up a claim afterwards in the same neighborhood and proceeded to break prairie in as good faith as any other settler. It was near the Missouri line and was at the time one of the hottest contested places in Kansas. The question was whether Kansas should be a free or slave state. Before the Missouri compromise it was thought the question was forever settled that slavery could under no circumstances be introduced in Kansas or Nebraska. But the act introduced by Stephen Douglas which was passed in 1854 left it to a majority of the settlers to determined whether it should enter into statehood free or slave. The slave holders across the line in Missouri thought it would never do to allow Kansas

to become a free state. It would injure them because there were thousands of slaves on the border and they would be stolen by the abolitionist. So free state men confronted pro-slavery men with hostility and it was war from the beginning. The Brown brothers were forced to take sides. It was only a short time until the ire of John Brown was stirred up. There was a band of outlaws living on Osawatomie creek, who were engaged in robbing and killing the free state people. Brown saw it was necessary to make some kind of an awful demonstration, so he ordered out a lot of men who had banded themselves together for protection, went to their cabins and slew five of them. It was said that Brown did not commit the deed himself but directed the execution, it had a tendency to quiet matters for a while at least. In December 1855 Jim Lane appointed Brown captain of a company called the Free State Rangers. The Emigrant Aid Society of New England were sending settlers into Kansas as fast as possible, so as to out-vote the pro-slavery settlers. They also sent arms and ammunition to help their people to protect themselves: The Missourians made a raid on Lawrence. Brown gave them fight and repulsed them, but they killed one free state settler. Brown conscientiously believed that nothing would ever give the slaves their freedom but war. At first there were a portion of conservative free state men who believed that Brown was too ultra. By this time there were two legislatures, one free state, which made Topeka its capital and the pro-slavery

legislature chose Lecompton for their State capital. Each claimed they represented the legal party according to the constitution. Each had an army in camp, so it finally resulted in a bush-whacking contest. One of the cleverest exploits that Brown did was in ascertaining the strength of a camp of Missourians. There was a large body of them in camping, so he took two of his men and a tripod and surveyed a line through their camp carefully chaining it. They took him to be a government surveyor and he was not molested. In that way Brown ascertained their strength. They told him of their plan of raiding Old John Brown. At times Brown became very impatient with the Northern people for not showing a bolder front. It is said that he held religious services in camp and that he was being directed by a higher power. On June 27th he with twenty-seven men attacked a large company of pro-slavery men commanded by Clay Pate. There was a hotly contested battle; in which he and his men were victorious, but his force was reduced to nine men, some were killed and others deserted him. Pate and about twenty of his men surrendered. Brown exchanged them for free-state men. His son was to be the first one liberated. Governor Geary of the Lecompton pro-slavery legislature was doing all in his power to intimidate and keep out free-state settlers. Finally the Southern states got together 2,700 men to make a final attack on Lawrence, which was the strong-hold of the free-state people. Brown and Lane were on hand. Many of the free-state people only had pikes and pitch-forks

for defense. The free-state forces were assembled in the street and Old John Brown made a short speech. This was September 15th, 1856. He told the men this was their last opportunity to get into a fight and he cautioned them about taking careful aim. A brass cannon was brought out for use. The pro-slavery men saw that the free-state were in dead earnest and they retreated. This was a decisive manifestation, and free-state people continued to pour in and fill up the territory. Brown went to Iowa and enlisted a lot of young men. They were Kagi, Edwin Copic and Edwin Cook, all of Quaker parentage as were also Reap, Hinton, Stephens and Dwight of his Kansas fighters. Stephens was employed to drill the men for Captains. They were held in reserve, as it will be seen further on. On the 30th of August Brown returned to the Kansas war-path again, under the leadership of James H. Lane. Brown led the Kansas cavalry. The same day an attack was made on Osawatomie by a band of 400 Missouri border ruffians. Their scouts were scouring the country and met one of Brown's sons, (Frederick) in a road that led through the woods. Fredrick believed them to be free-state men, but was shot down like a dog without warning. The gang that murdered the boy was led by a pro-slavery Baptist preacher by the name of White. Another man was murdered about the same time. Brown was several miles off. He had in his company thirty men and made an attack on them in a thick woods, which resulted in the killing and wounding of a large number of the band.

Their scouts killed some four or five free-state men. Brown said his son Jason fought bravely by his side. The former was struck by a spent ball but it did him no serious injury. There were two other fights near Osawatomie in which he fought well as a bush-whacker. The object of Brown's warfare was well understood by the slaves on the border and they would go to him for protection and he gave them support. He and his sons and their families had suffered greatly from the Border Ruffians.

They went to Kansas with good motives and no one was ever molested by them on account of their sentiments, while attending to their legitimate avocations. The Border Ruffians murdered and robbed innocent settlers simply because they were emigrants from free-states. He and his sons had suffered terribly and his son Jason had been riddled with balls unexpectedly while unarmed, all on account of the Democratic institution of slavery, which he was so conscientiously opposed to. It was no wonder the ire of the old man was wrought to a red heat. He took on himself an awful oath that from that time henceforth he would spend his remaining days fighting the slave power; so he took a company of his young men and crossed the line into Missouri. A slave had visited him and informed him that he, wife and two children were to be sold and taken away the following day. The man plead piteously for Brown to give them assistance. They surrounded the house and made the master a prisoner and then went to other houses and took eleven slaves, some wagons, horses and mules to

convey them in. They took two white men prisoners and released them when they got into Kansas. The slaves they took up through Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. Brown's theory was that in taking the wagons and horses they were taking what justly belonged to the slaves; at any rate the slaves were entitled to transportation. Enough free-state people were found along the line to give them shelter. It was mid winter and their travel was very slow and tedious. Attawa Jones, an Indian I knew well, gave Brown shelter, and had assisted him many times before, but it had cost him nearly all he possessed. Brown reached Chatham, Canada, March 1859, with his fugitives alive and well. He came back to Cleveland, Ohio, and sold his horses and mules at public sale. He had sent Cook to Harper's Ferry some time before he went. Cook became popular and had married a young lady in that locality. Brown made his appearance at Harper's Ferry about the 1st of July 1859. He was accompanied by his two sons, Owen and Oliver.

I always felt a desire to visit Harper's Ferry. I had passed the place several times but always in the night and I could not see very much of the town from the train. A short time after the Civil War I made my arrangements to spend a day at Harper's Ferry. I never spent a day that was of more interest. It is certainly one of the most romantic places that can be found. Here the Shenandoah forms a junction with the Potomac river, the forked railroad bridge, Maryland Heights, with its perpendicular walls facing the town, Lowdon

Heights across the Potomac river, Camp Hill, on which the town is built and the canal, all cluster so close together that all may be taken in at a glance. I employed a guide and ascended to the top of Maryland Heights which reaches far above the surrounding country. One can see as far as the eye can reach. The signal pole used by the army was still standing. Charleston, six miles distant in the valley was in plain view. On my arrival it was scarcely daylight and I stood and gazed around at the wonderful place for quite a while. I went to a barber shop and got into a conversation with the barber, and found him to be an inteligent man. I told him my object in stopping was to gather information about the place and especially incidents in regard to the John Brown insurrection. I found him very communicative, and he gave me a great deal of information, and said he was a prisoner of Brown's for a time. I met a Methodist minister who was well versed on the subject, and he took great pains in telling me of the many incidents that took place. I saw the armory and engine house in which Brown was fortified and taken prisoner. A great deal that I have written so far I have taken from history, but I will give in detail the story that was told me the day I spent in that memorable place.

When Brown and his two sons came to Harper's Ferry they gave the name of Isaac Smith and sons, they claimed to be from New York. They rented a farm and claimed that the boys were going into stock trading, and the old gentleman was a miner and would devote his time to prospecting for ore.

He spent a great part of his time along the rivers and clambering over the hills. The men who Brown had enlisted spent most of their time on the farm reading and playing checkers. Brown sent for his daughter and a daughter-in-law to keep house on the farm. During this time Brown was making preparations, he was shipping arms by wagons to the farm getting in readiness. I was told that Brown organized a Sunday School and served as superintendent, everyone thought he was a devout Christian, he exercised a great influence over the young men of the community. He often lectured them for swearing or other bad habits; I think one of his men got a job as ferrymen. In the course of time Brown had quite a store of guns and pikes, the later intended for arming the negroes who he had expected to set free and enlist as soon as the attack was made, he had some eighteen white men and four negro men in concealment at the farm house. The neighborhood became suspicious that all was not right at old Isaac Smiths house. A good many strange white men had been seen and the negroes, they supposed were runaway slaves, being harbored there. The time had about come when a blow must be struck. There was considerable objection to Brown's plans, his sons even was opposed to it, but the old man was as firm as a rock and nothing was left to do but carry out his plans. All this time Brown was conducting religious meetings at the little school house. On October the 16th, a Sunday morning, Brown was up early, called his men together and read a

chapter from the Bible and made a fervent prayer for the success of their movement; they ate breakfast and Brown made a statement to his men. He said three men would stay and guard the house, he appointed his son Owen, Meriam and Coppoc, all the others were to go to Harpers Ferry as quietly as possible. Two were to guard the Potomac bridge, two were to seize the ferry. Instructions were given to cut the telegraph wires, two men were to guard the little brick engine house, a company would take possession of the United States Armory, another company was to capture the rifle works. The guards were made prisoners, by that time the town was in Brown's possession. During the night it was dark and it had rained some, many of the citizens had not been awakened. The clerk of the Armory came to his office to do his days work and found everything in the hands of a strange force of men. By this time they began to understand that it was the work of old Isaac Smith and his party. Owen Brown, Barclay and Coppoc were cut off while trying to move the arms from the farm and fled to the north, all the rest were either killed or executed on the gallows. During the day there was a large force of citizens who had armed themselves and had surrounded the town. Brown's men killed quite a number of citizens and some of the town people were killed. In the course of the day several companies from Maryland and Virginia arrived,and at the same time the guard at the rifle works and all the rest were either killed or captured excepting two men who escaped.

The bodies of three of Brown's men were badly mutilated and cast into the river, Brown gathered his wounded men and conveyed them into the engine house for protection. Six men were all he had that had not been wounded. Shots were fired through the port holes and one of Brown's sons was shot and after suffering great agony died in a short time. Early in the evening Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant Stewart arrived from Washington with U. S. Marines. They entered the engine house with a light and with a flag of truce, Stewart at once recognized Brown, he asked if he was not John Brown of Kansas, Brown acknowledged the identity. It was stated that while Lee was in consultation with Brown that one of Brown's men came into the engine house and told him a man had just been killed at the bridge, stopped talking with Lee and asked some questions and said it is my son and went on talking. Brown's son who had been mortally wounded in the engine house was suffering in great agony and plead to be put out of his misery, and Brown turned to him and said son be more *patient, die like a man*, you are dying in a good cause. The Marines with a battering ram knocked down the engine house door and crowded into the room when Lieut. Green made at Brown with a sword and cutting his face and knocked him down and inflicted severe wounds at first believed would prove fatal, by that time Henry S. Wise, Gov. of Virginla and a lot of reporters entered the room. The Gov. asked Brown who are you and Brown said we are abolitionists, our object is to free your

slaves. A great crowd gathered around him and and asked many questions, about who sent you here and Brown said no one sent me. How long have you been in this business, his answer was I have always been opposed to slavery. Brown was told by Gov. Wise that he was an old man and had better prepare to meet his God, for if the wounds didn't kill him, he would be tried and executed. Brown said we have eternity before us and eternity behind us and the difference between the alloted time for me and the time you have to prepare in this world is but a moment and I exhort you to prepare, you have a greater responsibility and you had better be ready. Brown was taken to the Charleston jail, he was tried and convicted for treason and sentenced to death. The trial took place at Charleston six miles from Harpers Ferry, was opened on Oct. 26th, the verdict was read Nov. 2. He denounced to the court his lawyers plea of insanity. He said I think that my great object will be nearer accomplished by my death than by my life.

On the appointed day Brown was taken to the gallows. I had always understood by reading the accounts that Brown rode in a wagon, and it was sometimes stated that he rode on his coffin, but they told me at Harper's Ferry that he asked the privilege to walk with the soldiers to the place of execution. He said he had been confined so long exercise would help him, he was allowed to walk, he conversed all the way. He said he enjoyed the fresh air. He spake about what a beautiful valley

it was and said if he was farming he would like to own a farm there. He spake about the picturesque hills it reminded him of Old Connecticut.

At the appointed time Brown mounted the scaffold as quietly as if he had been setting up to dinner, he did not exhibit the least excitement, not a muscle moved, not the least nervous excitement, his last moment was calm.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JAMES H. LANE.

James H. Lane was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, June 22d, 1814. He was admitted to the bar and served as a member of the city council of Lawrenceburg. He enlisted in the Mexican War and served as a private in the 3rd Regiment, Ind. Vols., but was chosen Colonel of the 5th regiment and commanded a Brigade in the battle of Beuna Vista. He was elected Lieutenant-Governer of Indiana in 1848. and in 1553-55 was a member of Congress. He was a brother of Henry S. Lane. He went to Kansas in 1855 and became a leader in the free-state party, and was active in driving out the Missouri invaders. He was prominent in the affairs of Kansas, being three times elected United States Senator. He was a Brigadier General in the Civil War, and did good service in western Missouri.

During the Border Ruffian Warfare in Kansas he was the acknowledged leader in the cause of freedom for Kansas; he fearlessly faced danger and held in check the bands of Border Ruffians who

were scouring the country. At that time a pro-slavery capital was established at Lecompton and Topeka was the capital of the free-state party. Governor Geary, of the pro-slavery party was constantly trying to reduce increasing free-state population, but "Jim" Lane stood guard like a faithful watch-dog and protected the free-state people who went to Kansas, in good faith, to establish homes. They had taken claims and were breaking prairie and were attending to their own business and did not interfere with any of their neighbors on account of a political difference. The Border Ruffians were not of the better class of Southerners, but were of a lower strata and cared but little about the real sentiment of the settlers. They were bands of organized out-laws, whose only motive was to drive out and outrage free-state settlers. When Lane drove them out of one locality they fled to another. They were not long in finding they were confronted by John Brown and Jim Lane who were not the weak-kneed Yankees they had heard so much about. They had been told by men who were traveling over the slave states, that the free-state people were cowardly and would not stand fire; but in this they were greatly disappointed after they had run up against Brown and Lane, and others equally as brave, but of less notoriety. Finally the Missourians and other Southerners raised a force of 2,700 men for a final attack an the anti-slavery strong hold of Lawrence. They were visited by the free-state men in force. Of course Lane and Brown were there. Brown made a short address to his

men, and told them not to be in a hurry, to wait and be quiet, don't yell when they get in twenty-five yards. Get a good object, be sure you see the hind sight of your gun then fire. "Better aim at their legs than their heads, be sure you see the hind sights." Gen. Lane put Capt. Brown, with his free-state rangers in the advance guard. Some of Brown's men were armed with pikes and pitch-forks, and were placed in the rear. A brass cannon was brought out in support. There was but little firing; the Missourians, seeing that the free-state people were prepared and in earnest, withdrew in good order. One free-state man was killed. By this time so many free-state people had poured into the territory that the pro-slavery party could plainly see that slavery in Kansas was an impossibility.

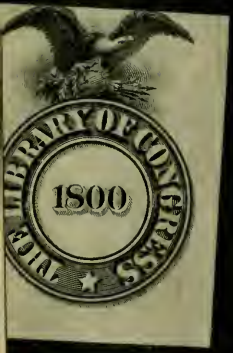
In this brief history of James H. Lane it will not be expected that more than a few of the details of the story can be given. A part of it I write from my personal recolection, items which I have never seen recorded in history, and which I believe will be in order. About the close of the border ruffian trouble Lane and another man whose name I cannot remember, had a dispute over the ownership of a claim at Lawrence. Lane had built a house and was in possession of it. There was a bitter feeling existing between the men. The man would visit Lane's house and carry water from the well. Lane finally forbid him from coming inside his door yard but he paid no attention to it and continued to get water at the well, so Lane nailed up the front gate.

The next time the man returned with two other men, all three were armed. Lane stood in his door with his revolver in hand and plead with the men not to enter; but the man broke open the gate advanced, Lane opened fire on him, and they fought a regular duel. Lane was a tall slim man and stood with his left side toward the man, so as to lessen the chances of being hit, after he had emptied his revolver he stepped back into the room and took down his double barrel shot gun which was heavily loaded, he shot the man dead. Lane was given a trial and was acquitted, partly on the plea of self defense, and partly because he was confronting a mob, as three armed men constitutes a mob. So on this testimony the court exonorated Lane I suppose; few had warmer friends or worse enemies than Lane had in Kansas, but on the whole he was popular. The free state people never forgot the protection he gave them during the border ruffian trouble. He seemed to be very successful as a politician, I do not remember that he was ever defeated when he run for office. The last time he was elected United States Senator from Kansas, he was elected on a certain issue, but I do not remember what it was.

It was said he voted against the issue that he was elected on, which caused him to be censured by his constituents. When he returned from Washington he met with a cold reception. He was a man of great sensibility, and his health was somewhat impaired. At Leavenworth he and a friend took a ride to the country, on their return Lane's friend

who accompanied him halted at a house on business and left Lane sitting in the buggy. A pistol report was heard, Lane had committed suicide. So ended the life of a brave man, who had accomplished much, his life was abruptly ended. His mind had become unbalanced on account of poor health. He lost hope which is the anchor of life.

LB JL '10


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 005 077 167 2